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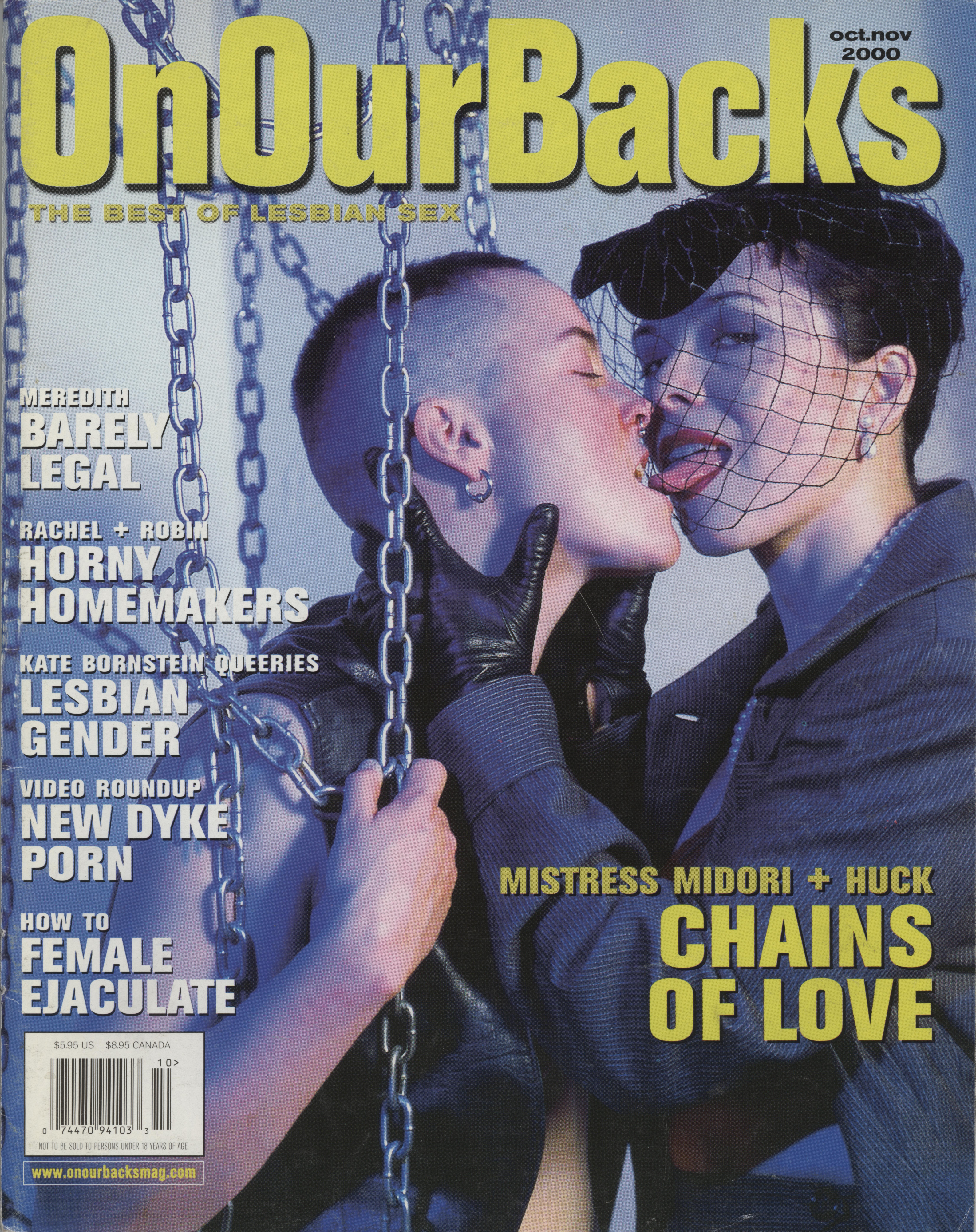

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Volume15 . Issue03

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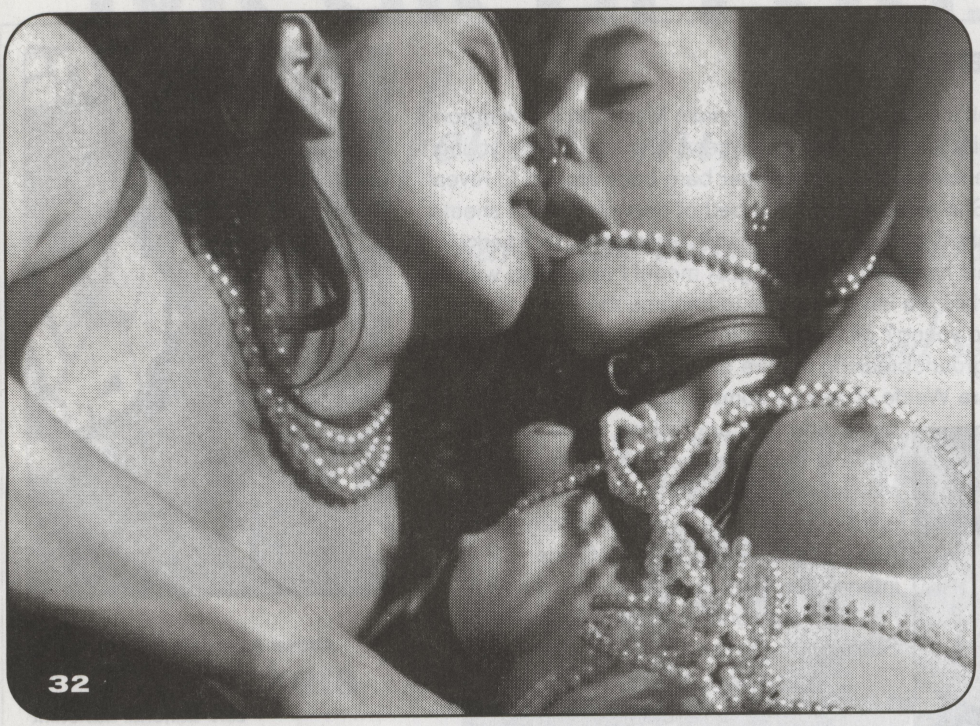

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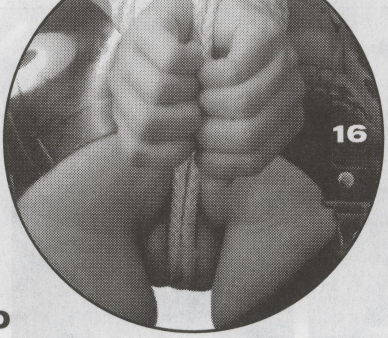

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New dyke porn by Laura Weide

editor's.postcard

Barely Legal Lesbians

BEVERLY PAET

Within only two hours of arriving in our nation's capitol for the Millennium March on Washington, I had a naked woman in my hotel room. Despite a small streak of shyness, she seemed so young to have such well-developed exhibitionist tendencies, as she turned her bare body around to reveal two curved cello-S's tattooed on her back. She rolled around in a bed of crumpled white sheets, her hair morning-messy, her creamy skin flushed with nervousness and excitement. This perky, freckled wonder was Meredith, our pin-up this issue and the youngest model I've worked with so far for **On Our Backs**–she's just 19. And while we have no plans to become the lesbo *Barely Legal*, I still found myself asking: was she too young? Jill Nagle explores some of these complex issues of age, sexuality, and consent in her groundbreaking feature on queer youth and SM. As a genre, dyke porn isn't grown up yet, but Laura Weide shows us some of the new kids on the block, and they are fucking fierce. Equally fierce is the unstoppable Kate Bornstein, who may have a few years on Meredith, but whose spirit is as fresh as a newborn baby's skin. Associate Editor Lindsay McClune interviewed Bornstein, and, alas, that was her final contribution to **On Our Backs**. She's off to Portland–we'll miss you, Lins!

JODY WHEAT

With lube + affection

Tristan Taormino

Tristan Taormino, Editor

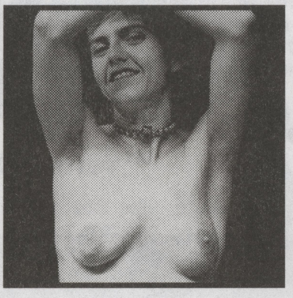
Above: Associate Editor Lindsay McClune bids farewell.

Left: Editorial assistant (and pasta chef!) Egidio Cianfarani and I on the set of our kitchen sex photo shoot. See page 22 for all the juicy, tasty results.

contributors

Phyllis Christopher, our associate photographer, has been taking photos of gorgeous women in San Francisco for years now, and she still feels like the luckiest photographer in the world. Her models FetishDiva Midori and Huck, on page 32, are no exception. She should be in the darkroom right now working on her new book, but it's *so* lonely in there. Perhaps she's in need of some supervision. Are there any hot tops out there who might like to give her a little more direction?

"Yes, white queers challenged society's erotophobia, but radical queers with views informed by race and colonization are set to again redefine sexual politics," says our fiction writer **T.J. Bryan**, a.k.a. Tenacious. T.J. is a black, Caribbean femme living in Canada, who has published in eight black/queer/erotic/wimmin's anthologies and is currently creating two collections, *It Takes Ballz* (nonfiction) and *Tales From the Rainbow Side'a Tha Dark* (short stories). Check out her clit-humming story on page 40.



Janet Ryan is excited to finally be published in **On Our Backs**, and is grateful for the direction of Tristan and help from Anna and Red. "Meredith was a joy to shoot, with her seductive eyes and sexy attitude," Janet said about her titillating photo shoot, shown on page 12. In a previous attempt at a photo spread on uniform fetishes, she did everything but get the model naked. "Luckily Tristan is a natural at getting girls naked!"

"Grab your remote and hang on to your hot pants," says **Laura Weide** of the video choices for this issue's Watch It (page 20). Laura has spoken with thousands of women around the world about sex, porn, dildos, and vibrators in her years as a sex educator, activist, and worker-owner at Good Vibrations. Her sizzling clip show of skin flicks for women, *Lesbian Porn 101,* has shown to heated crowds in Michigan, New York, Italy, and Sweden.

"I've always been scolded for drawing 'pornography,' so **On Our Backs** is a great outlet," says **Rosemary Van Deuren**, our illustrator for T.J. Bryan's fiction, on page 40. In addition to magazine illustration and commissioned artwork, Rosemary does fine art and sculpture and has had her art shown at the Moonlight Gallery in Cleveland, Ohio. She is currently working on a comic book of short stories, and her fetishes include big noses, body hair, and big butts.

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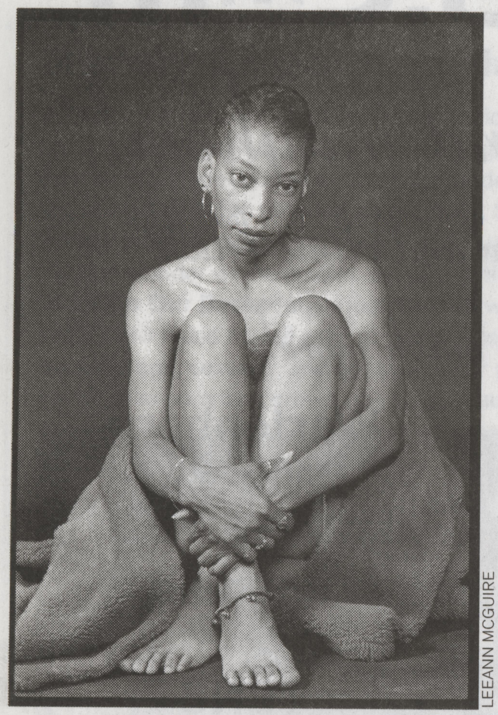

LEEANN MCGUIRE

Butch Bonanza

The June/July 2000 issue is the first issue of **On Our Backs** that I can say truly turned me on. The articles were mature as well as extremely erotic. The photography was beautiful and engaging. I have been looking for something that can stimulate my 32-year-old mind and pussy, and you have successfully done that. I would not, however, be opposed to seeing more butches all the time, every time, in your mag. The dykes you have photographed in this issue are, nonetheless, absolutely beautiful.

Molly P.
Via the Internet

Cheap Ho's

I am sorely disappointed with the plummeting quality of **On Our Backs**' content. As young horny dykes, my partner and I have always looked forward to the arrival of the magazine with much drool and anticipation. However, the April/May and June/July 2000 cover femmes look like prostitutes and ho's. Don't get me wrong, I love my fellow femmes and enjoy viewing sluts and ho-girls, provided they are *actually* sexy. But April/May's girl looks like Tammy Faye Bakker, and June/July's appears to be high on acid. I have been a faithful reader since the reissue of **On Our Backs**, but it appears that with the change of management came the arrival of serious smut. I used to enjoy the class, elegance, and sexiness of your magazine, but now its just another porn on the shelf.

Miss Sky
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Cum Again

Hats off to "Hot Hand Jobs" (June/July 2000). I loved the how-to article, and read it over and over. I think femmes of all sizes and colors are fabulous, and your pin-up China was no exception. Keep it up, you keep me cumming back.

Sunshyne
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Too Much Cock

On Our Backs does not represent us or our friends. Most lesbians do not look like the extreme girls that you choose as models. Outside of San Francisco and New York, most of the women we meet look very normal, which is part of the fun of watching them fuck: what a delight to see someone so ordinary doing something so naughty. We are also tired of seeing depictions of cock sucking. We are not gay men and we are not straight women. We are lesbians who would like to see pictures rejoicing in *lesbian* sexuality.

Terry and Kathy
Spearfish, South Dakota

Not Your Playboy Bunny

I am horrified that there are women, specifically lesbians, and readers of **On Our Backs** who can be so closed-minded. To all the women who think that only size 3, white models should be featured in this magazine—don't read it! Go get a *Playboy* or *Penthouse*, chock-full of silicone-filled, buttocks-injected, and airbrush-enhanced pseudo-women. The mere fact that you choose to include "negative" letters from readers in your magazine shows such class on your part. Remember, for every one reader who drops **On Our Backs**, there are 20 more just waiting to pore over the next issue of lesbian delights.

Jez
Via the Internet

Slippery When Wet

When Darlene Weide and her models Ryn and Kate came to EROS (the location for the shower pictorial in June/July 2000) for a photo shoot, I was wet with anticipation of the final product in your magazine. We were not disappointed. Seeing the photos of the girls in our shower room gave us gay boys a run for our money. We also agreed that the lesbians and our wood sauna room seem like a natural combination. With all the men we see every day, it was nice to see such great dykes.

James Lott Jr., EROS special events manager
San Francisco, California

Jiffy Lube

I was very envious of Tristan Taormino after I saw the editor's photo of Tristan being diddled by her girlfriend while they tested lube samples in the June/July 2000 issue. Lucky girl! My friend and I would often get together with a younger girl to play. We used Liquid Silk lotion on her as a lubricant, but to be honest, she would get so wet it wasn't really necessary. Sometimes natural is best. Love your magazine!

Kasey
Via the Internet

Hot Smut

Patrick Califia-Rice's "Love Sees No Gender" was the hottest thing I've read in **On Our Backs** yet.

Liz
Via the Internet

Public Sex

Your magazine rocks and just keeps getting better. I especially liked the public sex articles, and the hot steamy wedding photos of Genevieve and Adam (August/September 2000). But I would definitely still like to see more FTM and MTF content, and as many androgynous dyke scenes as possible. They're the hottest!

Sam
Portland, Oregon

Check out the **On Our Backs** *Interview [page 30] this issue with Kate Bornstein. She is not only an amazing activist and writer, she is about as hot as it gets!*

talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com, via fax to 415.648.4705, or write **On Our Backs** Magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

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OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Cyber Hell

by Michelle Tea

illustration by Fish

After spending—no shit—five solid hours staring into the life-sucking glow of my computer screen, it's hard to relate to the thing as an object of sexual pleasure. But, being noble enough to try all sorts of stunts in search of a cheap thrill, I logged on to the virtual suburbia of America Online in the hope of finding myself a perverse lesbian, or a manipulative straight man masquerading as a perverse lesbian, to get dirty on the computer with me.

My first snack on AOL's Gay Romance chat menu was, of course, Lesbian Butch. I was actually pretty thrilled that such a category even existed, and felt a moment of real excitement that temporarily dislodged the microchip on my shoulder. But fantasies of being seduced by a sleazy hunk of rough trade evaporated as stark lines of type began slashing across my screen, and I felt oddly shy at the thought of bursting in on the boring chatter with the suggestion to have sex. Chat rooms really lack ambience. I think their real-life equivalent might be institutional cafeterias. Another friendly note: typing in all-caps is not sexy. It is abrasive. It looks like you're yelling at everyone.

I clicked over to Lesbian Femmes and spotted a chick who was "looking to chat private." I quickly sent her an Instant Message (IM) with a request for some serious dirty talk. "Do you have any pictures?" she asked. Now, I had thought that one of the scant good things about having sex via computer was that you didn't have to see what the other person looked like; you could let your own aesthetic fill in the gaps and create a grand fantasy of whoever you were about to simulate sex with. I was pretty sure we would each be repulsed by the other's choice of fashion and the lifestyles they signified, and besides that, my archaic computer can do nothing as esoteric as trade photos. I cutely typed back that I could barely turn my computer on. She responded, "Oh." Everyone in this cyberhell seemed strangely monosyllabic.

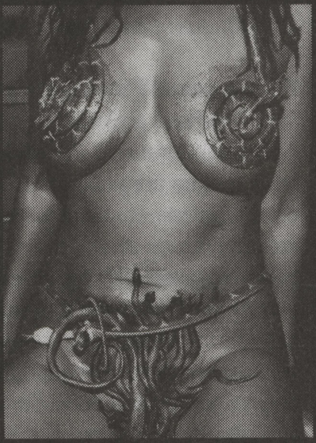
Finally, I hooked in a fellow prowler, the "sweet and sensuous" 45-year-old "Mary," large-breasted, freshly out of a lame hetero relationship, and looking to experiment with the ladies. After assuring her I wasn't a guy, Mary told me all about how her black slip was yanked up above her smooth, shaved pussy, how she was sucking her own enormous tits and already had three fingers working up inside her wet cunt. While this information slowwwllly cranked out onto my antique machine, I smoked a cigarette and listened with sympathy to the cat in heat howling outside my window. I like sex that has the immediacy of an unexpected smack across the face, so this trickle of smut rankled my patience and triggered my *Sesame Street*/MTV attention-deficit disorder.

"What do you think about when you play with your pussy?" I typed, thinking that some storytelling or role-playing would get this party started. Right. Turns out Mary thinks about young girls…really young girls…and lactating mothers. Maybe I should have asked Mary to promise me *she* wasn't a guy. I felt bad for suddenly suspecting her gender, since taboo stuff turns me on as well, but something about the lactating mom bit just seemed really male. And why had she been so concerned that I might be a guy? It really didn't matter so much, since all the talk of underage girls and milky tits had at last gotten my cunt all throbby like that unfortunate alley cat yowling in my backyard. And how was poor Mary to know that I wasn't a guy? I felt like a guy, or at least more like a boy than normal, as I slapped at my keyboard, telling Mary about how I was groping the fresh tits of the teenage girl next door, her hard little nipples poking through the thin fabric of a summer tank top. I typed about sucking the milk from the swollen tits of a new mom as I slid my hand up into her slick cunt. Purely fantasy, Mary assured me as she responded, which lessened but did not relieve the icky twitch that I could possibly be emboldening a pedophile. At the fantasy's absurd climax, in which the two kinks merged into a lactating adolescent, Mary's communication abruptly stopped, which makes me think that she really was a he, since any self-respecting lesbian would certainly need some closure at the end of such a vulnerable confession of perversity.

Feeling like I'd been kicked off the futon without so much as cab fare, I bounced through some other lesbo chatrooms asking for ladies to IM me with their fantasies. Dirty fantasies, I kept having to explain. I clicked away. The women in Lesbian Support were—I swear—having an actual argument about who had the most brutal childhood. Not wanting to traumatize them further by soliciting perverted sex acts, I signed off.

And thus ended my sad foray into the cold and illusory world of cybersex. It served only to illuminate my poverty—my rotten incapable computer, my recently shut-off long distance service preventing me from calling my girlfriend an area code away for some serious guilt-free trash talking. With a creative, quick-thinking, and fast-typing cybertrick, you could no doubt conjure up some hot back-and-forth action, but I just think that computers are for work, not for fucking or anything that requires the exchange of earned sweat. There are other machines out there built to get you off, so learn from my pain and plug in that Hitachi.

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail editorial@onourbacksmag.com.



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Hairy Nipples

Do other women have nipple hair or is it just me? I'm not talking about your occasional stray hair, I'm talking about a nice little ring, which I pluck frequently. The plucking has made for some discoloration. Is it a real turn-off? What can I do about it? Is it bad for me to pluck the hair?

Whether or not nipple hair is a turn-off depends upon the sexual tastes of your partner(s). Some will like it, others will not, and others won't care. As far as I know, its not bad to pluck them, and I've been plucking mine for years now. With time and money, you can have them removed permanently. For removal, electrolysis would be best, since using lasers on such delicate parts may be painful. Alternatively, you may also choose to learn to accept your hair as a unique part of yourself and leave them alone.

Bed Wetter

I have a concern that I've tried to address with both a gynecologist and a urologist. I've even asked my primary medical doctor. It really bothers me that I get different answers. During vaginal penetration or extreme stimulation to my clitoris, whether masturbating or with a partner, I excrete an overabundance of fluid. At times it has come pouring forth like a dam was broken. I was always embarrassed by this, believing that I was urinating until I broached the subject with other lesbians. What truly concerns me is that it happens so often and in such great volume that I've had to do more than get a towel under me. Should I be concerned? Is it urine or some other secretion?

Relax. You're just a bona fide G-spot girl. The fluid is a secretion from the urethral sponge or G-spot, not urine. During sex, make a conscious effort to stay hydrated. You can go to a baby supply store and pick up a rubber crib sheet to prevent the bed from getting soaked. Or, you can go to a medical supply store for "chux pads" which were designed for incontinent adults. They are disposable absorbent pads with a plastic backing that you just lay on the bed. You can use them in combination with the crib sheet for added protection. Until then, have sex in the tub, out of doors, or on rubber sheets. Just keep coming!

Pregnant Pervert

I went to have a piercing done, and was told it was dangerous to my 10-week-old fetus because the adrenaline and endorphins produced can cause a miscarriage. I spent half an hour on a rack the night before, being spanked–talk about adrenaline and endorphins! I'm also concerned about the safety of anal sex, and about whether very vigorous and deep penetration that hits my cervix can hurt the baby. I'm willing to do anything for the safety of this baby. Please tell me if I should be temporarily giving up any of these practices.

In general, sex during pregnancy is fine as long as it feels good. Many women are horny and orgasmic throughout pregnancy. Anything that causes internal pain or spotting is to be avoided, and if either occurs you should notify your OB/GYN. Anal sex is fine, since your cervix remains unmolested. So long as you are comfortable, you should be okay. But since anxiety in general is a sure-fire pleasure killer, you may simply abstain for the duration of the pregnancy from any activity that makes you nervous. You will have the rest of your life to take your sexual expression to its limits.

Nina Hartley is a porn star and registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Fax: 415.648.4705; mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com

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Hit Your G-Spot + Ejaculate!

by Rachel Venning

You have a G-spot. Every woman does. It is not a holy grail, a hidden treasure, or one of the lost tribes of Israel. It is simply a small spongy clump of tissue containing glands and nerve endings. It's wrapped around the urethra and gets firmer and filled with fluid when a woman is aroused. Some of us ejaculate when the G-spot is stimulated, most don't. Here are some tips to help you hit the bull's-eye.

1. Position is everything.

Imagine your vulva is a clock and your clit is high noon. Recline in a comfortable position and dip a finger or two in your vagina. Curl them up toward 12 and feel a few inches up the vaginal wall for a coarse and bumpy texture. Voilà! Your G-spot. The lengths of our cunts and our fingers vary so it may be too far up to reach yourself. Use a dildo or ask a friend to help. The nerves there are only sensitive to pressure, so they respond more to a steady rhythmic fucking-type motion than a stroking and gentle touch.

2. Pee first.

The sensation of being about to ejaculate feels a lot like having to pee. So before serious fucking or G-spot exploration, make it a point to empty your bladder.

THE G-SPOT. WHAT IS IT? WHY IS IT?

Based on the small number of women studied, it seems that the G-spot is physiologically analogous to the male prostate. The fluid we women ejaculate has been found to be chemically similar to male prostatic fluid. Many women report it to be clear and flavorless or even slightly sweet. Some say it varies considerably in both taste and quantity. A lot of research remains to be done. The G-spot may be vestigial from another evolutionary moment. Or perhaps it's what we're evolving towards (Heather has two biological mommies?). For now, its function is pleasure.

3. Work that cunt.

Well-toned pelvic muscles make your orgasms stronger, so work out! Clench and release those cunt muscles. Do a set, just like at the gym. You can do it anywhere–it makes waiting in line way more fun.

4. The masturbation curve.

Masturbate using a curved dildo to get the G-spot. The Crystal Wand is an S-shaped toy made just for this purpose. Or try the famous Hitachi Magic Wand with a G-spotter attachment.

5. Come a lot.

As you devolve into that shrieking, wailing banshee of a sex pig that most of us love to be and your self-control slips away, you're more likely to let that stream squirt.

6. Read a book.

The Good Vibrations Guide to the G-spot is a superbly informative and encouraging book on the subject. Or check out the time-honored classic video, *How to Female Ejaculate*. Both are chock-full of inspiration.

7. Go downtown.

Go down on your lover. Then slide a few fingers in and curl them up as if to scratch your tongue from inside her. Press firmly with both tongue and fingers to squeeze that G-spot. The moment of reckoning may soon be at hand. Will you spit or will you swallow?

8. Pull out to shoot.

The bulk of a big dildo or even fingers can block off the urethra so that even though your body is ready to come, somehow it can't. So get out of the orgasm's way. This may take some practice if you have a strap-on in your lover's vagina. Hopefully she'll let you know. Remember, practice makes perfect.

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

9. Try the back door.

The wall between the rectum and the vagina is thin, so if you angle your hand or dildo the right way you can stimulate her G-spot through her asshole. This move wins bonus sexpert points.

10. Get a plastic sheet.

Some girls don't just dribble out a teaspoonful or two, they produce major mattress-drenching quantities, so be prepared.

11. Fuck hard.

G-spot stimulation and ejaculating orgasms happen a lot more with that pounding "I'm gonna give it to you so hard that your teeth will rattle, your will eyes roll, and you'll be begging Jesus for mercy" type sex than with anything else.

12. Vibrate that clit.

Use a vibrator on the clit at the same time. The steady hum combined with rhythmic penetration is just the ticket for a ride on the water slide.

13. Have fun.

Don't set female ejaculation up as a hurdle that you need to jump to establish yourself as a postmillennial dyke sex superstar. It ain't for everybody. And if you don't make a big wet mess, there'll be that much less laundry to do.

Rachel Venning is the cofounder of Toys in Babeland, the infamous dyke-run sex toy store, and the editor of babeland.com, an online resource for sex education, information, and toys.

Morning Romp

photography by Janet Ryan

Name: Meredith

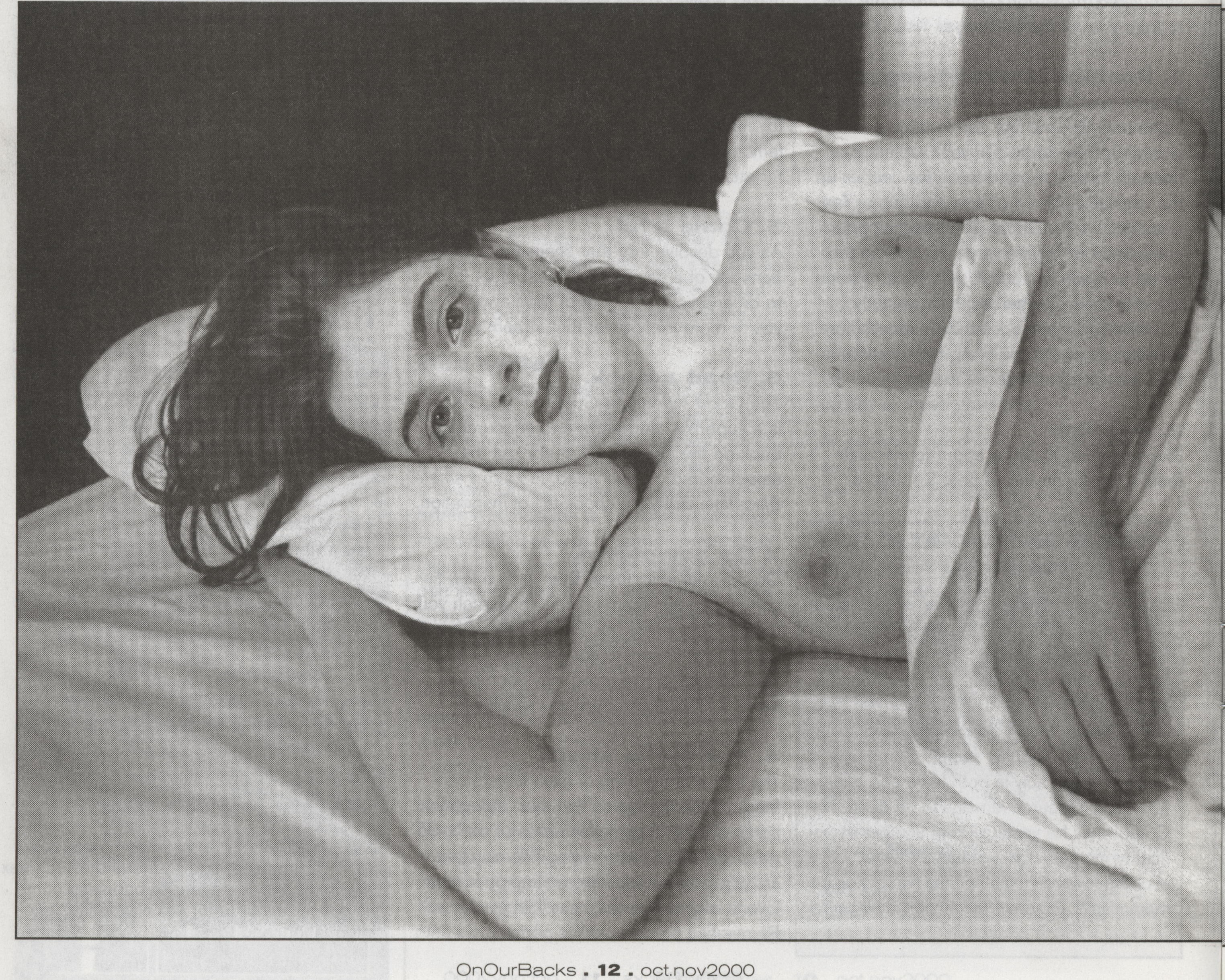
Age: 19

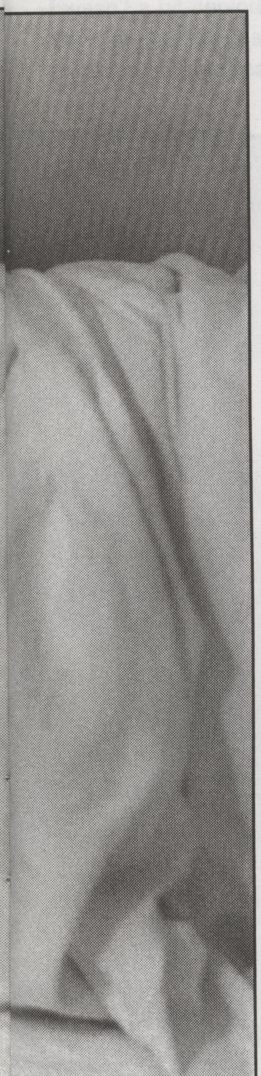
Location: Washington, D.C.

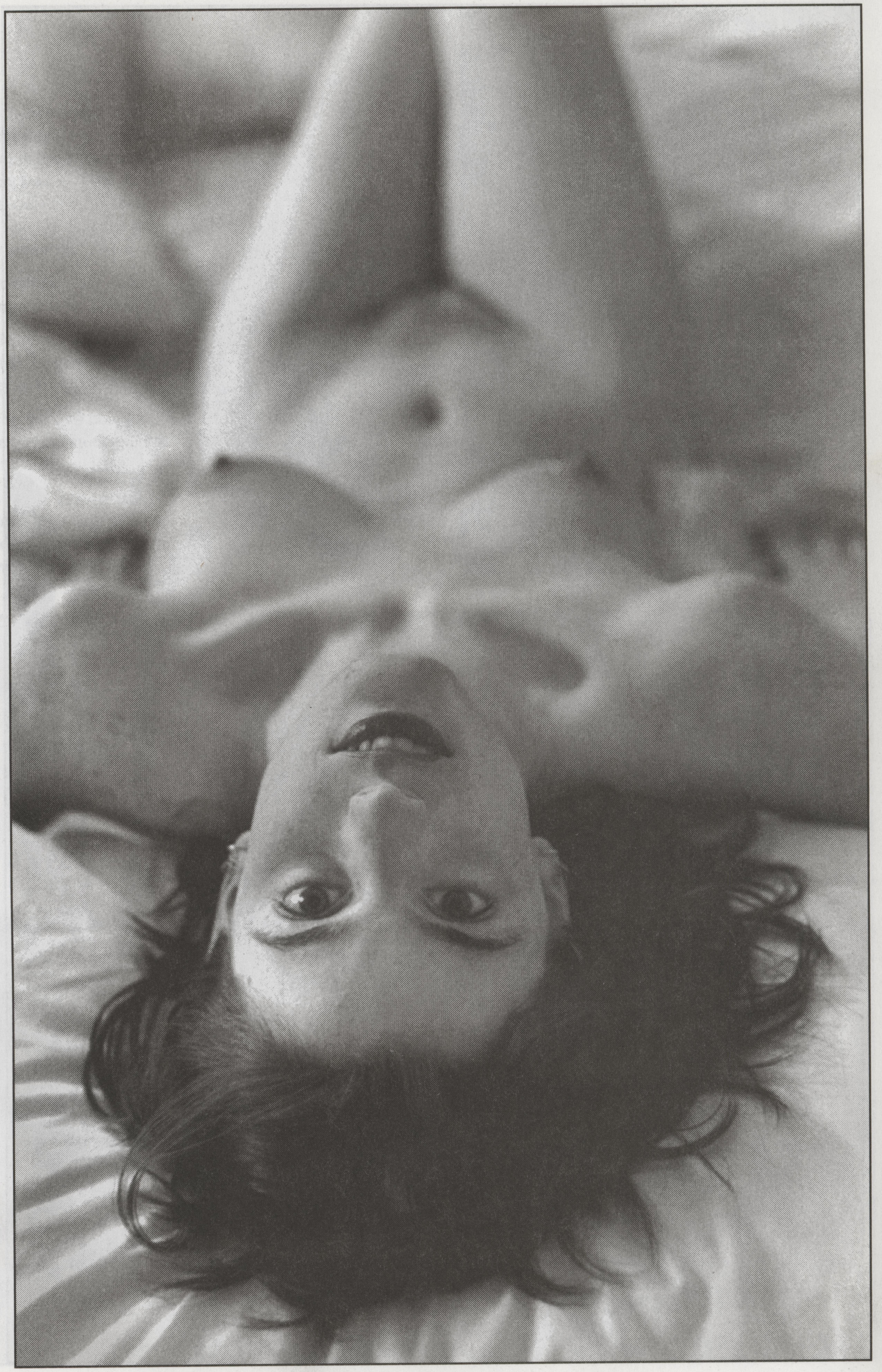
School/work: "I work with computers, but I went to school for deaf education and plan to finish that path."

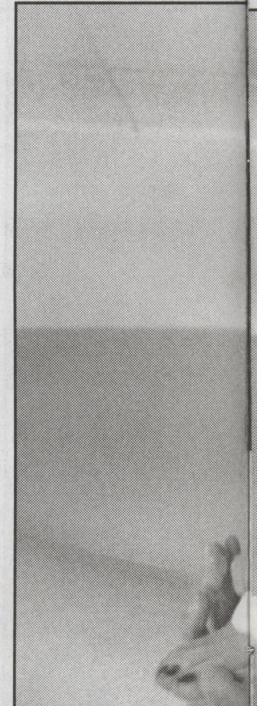
Status: "Taken"

Identity: "Submissive dyke slut girl"









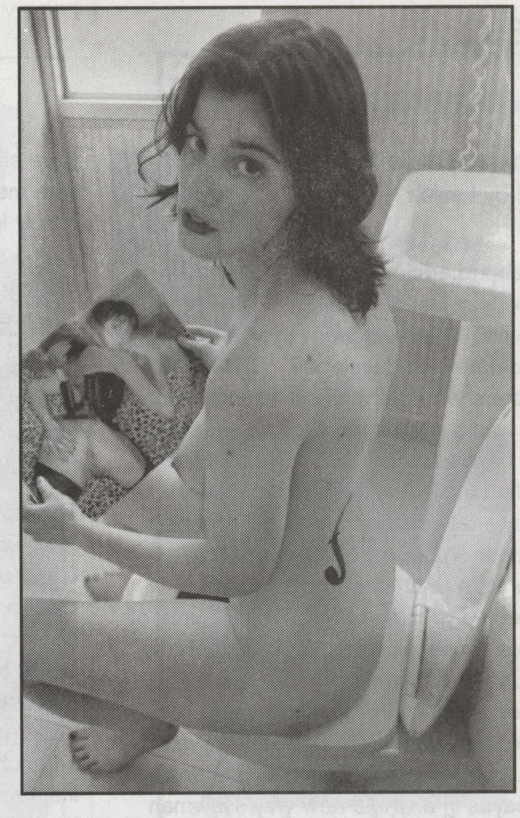
Her type: "I like exotic women, especially those with a bit of mystique about them. I like girls with brains–intelligence and depth are important to me. I also like very classical beauty; I like to see a woman move with elegance. I find butches extremely attractive, but I also like femmes and women who don't identify as either."

One sex toy never to leave home without: "My dildo of choice–my Jane Doe IV from Dils for Does."

Favorite sex act: "I've recently discovered the joys of vaginal fisting. It's such an unbelievable experience for me on a number of levels."

Must-try sex act: "I'd like to be the one doing the fisting–so far I've only ever been fisted, and I'd like to experience it from the other side."

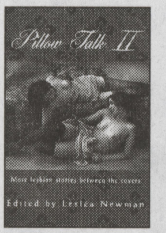
About the shoot: "The photo shoot was wonderful. I wasn't a bit nervous going into it, and everyone there provided a really great environment. I had so much fun and really enjoyed myself." **–lm**



Pillow Talk II

edited by Lesléa Newman

[Alyson]



The second edition of this anthology is just as sizzling as the first! All the stories here feature well-developed characters who get themselves into some pretty wacky situations, such as sneaking out to have sex atop an old T-Bird. Here you'll find a butch and her bike, a sexy subway interlude, and a sick girl and her admirer. In "Anatomy Lesson for Mary Margaret," a prim and proper lesbian unexpectedly learns about the pleasures of anal sex, while the reporter in "Somebody Famous" gets much more than just an interview. Especially noteworthy are "Uncommon Janitors in Lust" and "Eye of the Hurricane," which will have you looking at papayas in a whole new way. Newman has done a fine job of gathering stories that are sexy and explore the varied ways dykes live and love. These richly diverse and deliciously naughty stories are ones you'll savor and treasure. **rkb**

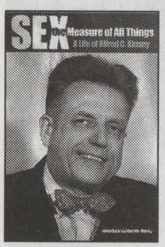
grade . 💋💋💋💋💋

Sex: The Measure of All Things: A Life of Alfred C. Kinsey

by Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy

[University of Indiana Press]

Without knowing it, every time we cite the magic 10 percent figure to describe how many Americans are homo, we invoke Alfred C. Kinsey. The bow-tied biologist was the first (after Victorians Kraft-Ebbing, Freud, and Havelock Ellis) to study sexuality scientifically–that is, by collecting tens of thousands of people's sexual histories, punching them into a primitive computer, and churning out statistics. He was also a fervent reformer, arguably responsible for planting the scientific seeds that, 20 years after he published 1948's *Kinsey Report* (actually titled *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*), blossomed into the modern gay movement. Gathorne-Hardy doesn't discuss Kinsey's lesbian research, but this page-turner is still addictive and even-minded. Whereas other biographers have shrunk in horror from Kinsey's affairs with men ("Biased!" they cry), Gathorne-Hardy looks at Kinsey's 35-year-long happy marriage, his three kids, and concludes calmly, "bisexual." **hf**



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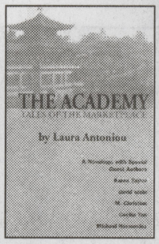
The Academy: Tales of the Marketplace

by Laura Antoniou

[Mystic Rose Books]

This novelogy–a novel written by Laura Antoniou containing short stories by M. Christian, Michael Hernandez, david stein, Cecilia Tan, and Karen Taylor–is the fourth book in the infamous Marketplace series, which tells the stories of masters, mistresses, slaves, and trainers in an underground SM world where dominance and submission are not a "lifestyle" but real life. Fans of the series will devour this latest installment, where we see Trainer Chris Parker and Michael (the junior trainer in service to Chris) arrive in Okinawa for an international meeting. Parker's mission to pass a proposal divides everyone, and the future of the Marketplace is at stake. People who are coming to this fantastical world for the first time will be clamoring to read the trilogy that came before it (all three books are due to be reissued by Mystic Rose). Antoniou's writing is full of vividly drawn pansexual characters, quick-witted dialogue, real suspense, and scenarios so intense, colorful, and detailed, you'd swear she was really there. If you're into SM, you'll want to be there too. **tt**



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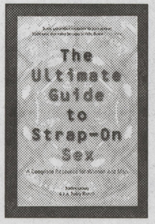
The Ultimate Guide to Strap-On Sex

by Karlyn Lotney

[Cleis Press]



I remember the naughty glee of donning my first strap-on. But, man, was I awkward at first. Where was this book when I was starting out? Karlyn Lotney (a.k.a. Fairy Butch), the fairy godmother of strappin', gives the lowdown on a vast array of lubes, harnesses, dildos, and more, as they relate to both male and female anatomy (do you know where your crura are?). Lotney illuminates the formerly esoteric discipline of clit-pumping, handles the art of packing, and discusses sexual psychology. Finally, she gets a thumbs-up with her comprehensive list of ways the rod wielder (of any genital persuasion) can get off while in the line of duty. Some form of illustration, however, would have made the techniques easier to apply: hilarity ensued when my research associate and I attempted to emulate some techniques without benefit of visual aids. Nonetheless, this book left me throbbing with erotic imaginings and possibilities. **hl**

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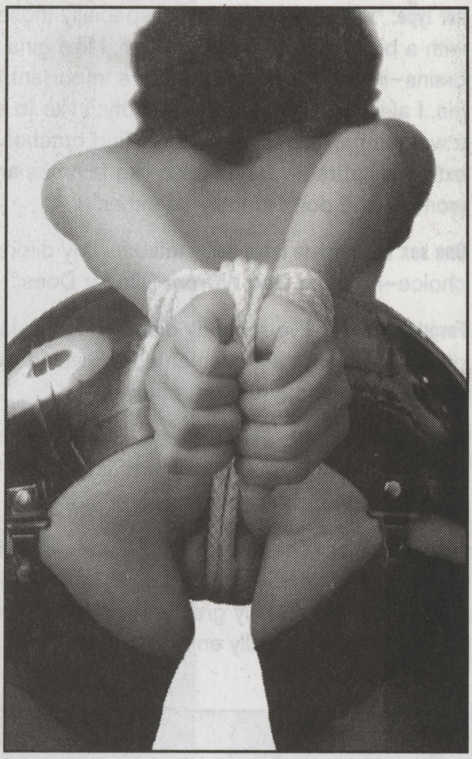

Lip Service
in *Fetish Art*

Mercy Mercy Me

by Elena Georgiou

[Painted Leaf Press]

elena georgiou
mercy mercy me

"We rock until we make heart-shaped sweat," is a typical line of Elena Georgiou's *Mercy, Mercy, Me*, tender and sexy in its implications. Georgiou's poems are paeans to love, everyday life, frustration, and desire. Most are highly descriptive and get to the heart of the minute matters that make up our

review staff
rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel
lm . Lindsay McClune
tt . Tristan Taormino
hl . Heidi Lypps
hf . Heather Findlay

lives. While most poems are not strictly lesbian in content, many of her sexual poems feature characters of indeterminate gender, so the reader can read her own story into the scenes. With odes to punk rock, sex, and Marvin Gaye, as well as explorations of friendship, diversity, and eating disorders ("My insides frappe in disgust," she writes about fattening foods), her style is often very matter-of-fact and occasionally very humorous (see "Remembrance of Things Past" for an imagined e-mail from Madonna). Georgiou's poetry runs the gamut from sexy, romantic odes to more political topics of colonialism and living in a multicultural world. Poetry fans will appreciate these very personal, powerful poems. **rkb**

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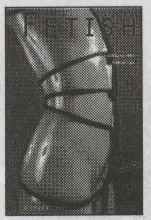
Fetish Art

by Doesjka Bee and Robin Cay

[Edition Stemmle]

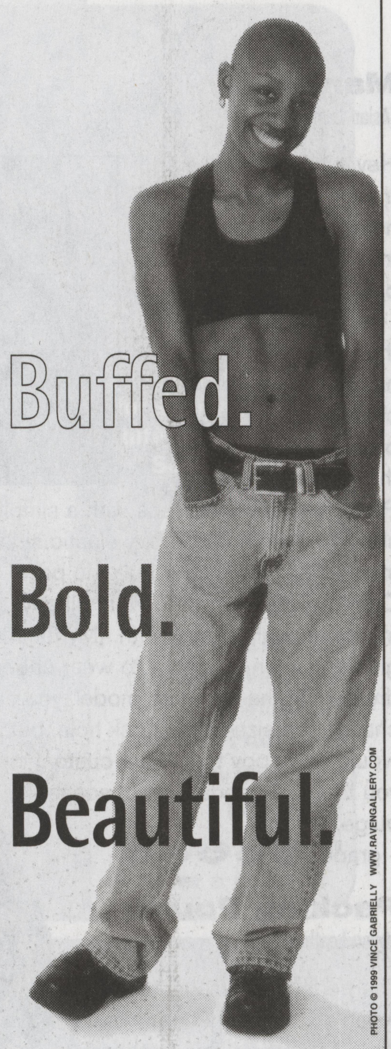


Hot steamy photos are the way to my clit, and steamy is what you'll find in Doesjka Bee and Robin Cay's *Fetish Art*. A basic fetish-photography book in format, these photos show some of the most beautiful leather and fetish apparel I have ever seen (apparel that the photographers themselves designed). But whereas most fetish books tend to present their fetish objects in a relatively straightforward manner, Bee and Cay attempt to add more atmosphere to their photos through the use of computer manipulation, resulting in a sort of fantastical effect. Because of this, some of the photos capture an added element of fantasy for the reader. There is something to be said, however, for photos that capture intensity sans manipulation, and I found myself occasionally wishing that I could see some of the images without the added graphics. **lm**

grade . 💋💋💋💋

Little Black Book

💋 = Wash your hair instead.
💋💋 = Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
💋💋💋 = One-night-stand material.
💋💋💋💋 = Call U-Haul–this one's a keeper.
💋💋💋💋💋 = Better than sex.



Okay, that's just the model. Still, nobody gives you the 4-1-1 on the lesbigaytrans scene like Damron.

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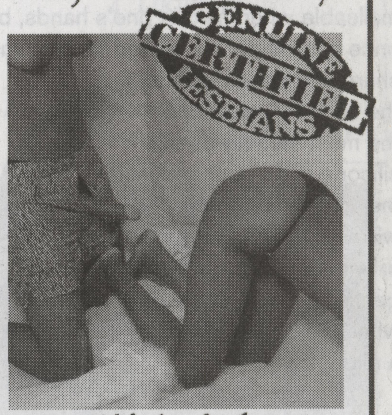

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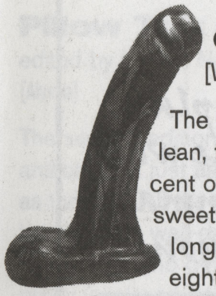

Commando

[Vixen, $62]

The Commando is a long, lean, fucking machine, reminiscent of Vixen's realistic silicone sweetie named Johnny, but longer and thinner. An honest eight inches, I warn those not ready for a deep ride; even those of us with room in our cunts might find that the Commando bumps the cervix pretty easily. On the flip side, this is a great cock for experienced anal players looking for deep penetration. It comes in Vixen's new camouflage patterned colors; the head even looks like a combat helmet. Attention! **ec**

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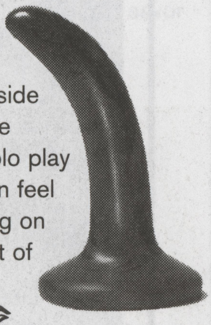
Willow

[Vixen Creations, $37]

The Willow is soft and deceptively malleable when held in one's hands, but once it is inside, it's curved tip becomes sharp and powerful. It is the tip that I could feel the most steadily as this silicone dildo pounded inside me. Slim but not small, the willow can be used for solo play or with a harness, and can feel gentle or rough depending on what you desire. A delight of a dildo! **rkb**



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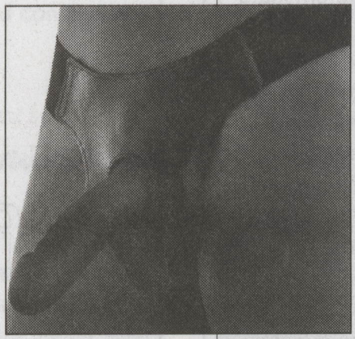
Man Panty

[Aslan Leather, $50]



Hey, all you butches and trannie boys: ever come home totally miserable from a long night of packing? You know what I mean—eventually, even the most comfortable harness starts to rub and chafe in all the wrong places. Aslan Leather to the rescue! The Man Panty is a clever harness with a simple slide-on design and heavy elastic side straps. No buckles, no bulk, no pain. Comfortable enough to wear all day, and sturdy enough to fuck with. (My femme girlfriend even swiped it to wear under a dress.) On the standard model, you can change the size of the cock hole, but Aslan would be happy to make a custom one for you to accommodate an obscene bulge. **ec**

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Packing Pouch

[Aslan Leather, $45]

The perfect accessory to Aslan's Man Panty or any of its dildo harnesses, this leather Packing Pouch easily snaps on and off for all occasions. It displays any package small or large magnificently, from a cyberskin softie to a silicone cock. Available studded or not, you will be a stud when you wear this fetish fashion, especially under chaps or all by itself. It holds everything in place, accentuates the positive, and gets the girls to focus their eyes where they should be—on your cock. **ec**

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Liquid Latex

[Deviant, $10.95]

Okay, so liquid latex is not explicitly marketed as a sex toy—but it should be. Using it on my girlfriend was one of the most creative foreplay experiences I have ever had. As I brushed the latex over her nipples, and was subject to her gasps and moans, I not only got to revel in her next-to-naked beauty, but I had a girl who was raring to go. One friendly hint: make sure that you are clean shaven, or avoid your pussy (unless the slow pulling of each and every pubic hair is a titillating thought). **lm**

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www.venusorvixen.com

Venus or Vixen is a pansexual site run by Cara Bruce, which features monthly offerings of erotica, photos, sex advice columns, reviews, features, and a serial story. With beautifully designed graphics and some of the hottest writing around, this site deserves to be bookmarked. The recent winner of a Best of the Bay award, Venus or Vixen often features lesbian and bi content in all areas and welcomes contributions. Check out the "Lust In Latex" photo spread and visit often for more seXXXy content. Future plans include contests and bimonthly updates. **rkb**

www.erotica-readers.com

This site is an amazing resource for writers as well as folks who just love erotica. It showcases a Web site, a book of the month, and features such as ITEM (Inside The Erotic Mind), where people spout off on everything from sex after 60 to piercings. You can learn how to write erotica, meet other people, and get sex tips. There are also essays in the Smutters Lounge, calls for submissions, video recommendations, and more. ERA is overflowing with enough information to provide you with a lifetime of erotic enjoyment. **rkb**

Eye candy on venusorvixen.com

www.lesbianation.com

LesbiaNation is an online magazine covering all things lesbian from Michigan Womyn's Music Fest to International Ms. Leather. LesbiaNation offers a fun, fresh look at lesbians in entertainment, sexuality, media, activism, and other arenas. Search the archives for their hilarious take on "Why We Love to Hate Ellen and Anne." Find up-to-the-minute info on fabulous dykes like Rose Troche, Cheryl Dunye, as well as gals who just play dykes on screen, like the luscious Clea Duvall. Get your weekly fix of lesbian news, sex advice, books, and babes. **rkb**

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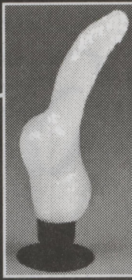

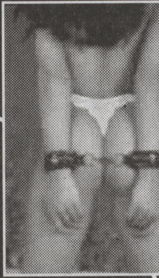

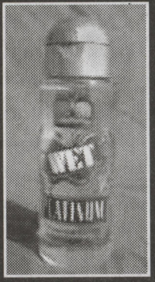

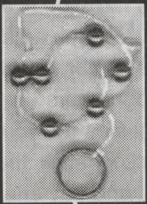

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New Flicks on the Block

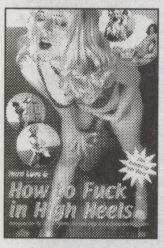
The new era of lesbian pornography

by Laura Weide

Since the last lesbian Fatale production was released in 1994, women have been scratching in vain at the doors of local sex shops for more dyke-produced skin flicks. Although many women are simply thrilled to see any authentic lesbian sex at all, a more discriminating audience is beginning to develop. These viewers want porn with better acting (in terms of both sexual performance and dialogue delivery), less cheesiness, better production values, contemporary dyke aesthetics, and diverse casts of women who truly seem to be getting off. Well, our day is coming. Grab your remote and hang on to your hot pants.

Hard Love/How to Fuck in High Heels

[S.I.R. Video, 2000]



If you are going to treat yourself to one sapphic skin flick, this should be it. This all-dyke produced crowd-pleaser shoots straight for the hot spots with two movies in one box. S.I.R. Video's (standing for Sex, Indulgence, and Rock' n' roll–the ruling spirit of these works) Shar Rednour and Jackie Strano capture great performances, and with strap-ons, fisting, mutual masturbation, anal sex, and dyke drama; they ensure there is something for everybody on this reel.

Hard Love is the story of two exes moving on in their lives–one in a sexy new relationship, the other with a one-night bar pick-up–who still have some unfinished business of their own left. Plot-heavy porn often forces us to slog through at least 15 minutes of character and story line establishment before getting to the sex. Not here. The horses are out of the gate and the sweat is flying before the credits are done rolling. The mutual masturbation scene is truly notable. Here a butch/femme couple talk each other into a lather as they jack/jill off, Jackie working her silicone dick to a powerful butch orgasm. The relationship between the exes is very well acted and their sexual performance gets my vote for the dyke porn Oscars.

But if the plot of lesbians in the final throes of processing their tragic relationship doesn't move you, don't dismay. *How to Fuck in High Heels*, Shar Rednour's glamorama fuckfest, offers nonstop dirty talking, hip-thrusting, cunt-fisting, tit-fucking, and stiletto worship. It's part porno music video, part pedagogical performance, but mostly sizzling, sparkling sex. If you like a rapid-fire change of scenes, people, bodies, and outfits, *How to Fuck in High Heels* will get your clit jumping in no time.

Hard Love
& How to Fuck in High Heels

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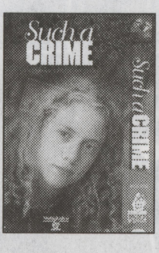
Such a Crime

[Wolfe Productions, 1998]



When I heard there was a new sex flick about radical lesbian eco-terrorists who hack into and steal from corporate polluters, I was psyched for some politically inspired creaming. While the filmmaking is better than most and the sexy opening promises erotic intrigue, the cardboard acting of the main character and unconvincing romance weakens the effort. I'd charge it with misdemeanor disappointment. Newbrough's earlier video, *Goodbye Emma Joe*, is more successful, with a better script and better actors. If you prefer porn with a plot, more emotional complexity and full-bodied shots to genital close-ups, then Newbrough is a dyke erotic filmmaker to watch out for.

grade . 💋💋💋

Bed

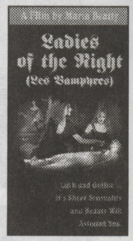
[Willfully Perverse, 1999]

Evie Leder is a promising new dyke pornographer on the queer art film scene. Her beautifully filmed and edited short captures luscious butch/femme fisting. Grainy black-and-white stock, moody sound, and the motions of San Francisco nighttime streets and fireworks frame the sweet sex. The only flaw is a jolting jump shot from clit-licking and fingering to full fisting. Evidently Leder's camera was elsewhere during the penetration. Perhaps as if watching rare butterflies mate in the wild, Leder must not have wanted to startle her starlets and order a re-take.

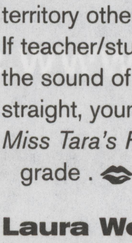
grade . 💋💋💋💋

Ladies of the Night, Miss Tara's Finishing School

[Bleu Productions, 2000, 1998]



Maria Beatty is in a class all her own. Her edgy SM videos are filmic gems, particularly her spellbinding black-and-white "silent movie" beauties, *The Elegant Spanking*, *The Black Glove,* and her latest, *Ladies of the Night.* This crackling gothic eye-candy tells the story of a French schoolgirl who gets abducted by sexy vampires. Teased and tortured with rope bondage, floggers, and glistening metal accoutrements, the willing school girl (played by Beatty) is transformed into a demonic bottom.



A prolific pornographer, Beatty has nine titles to her credit. With an artist's eye and a pervert's sense of humor, Beatty explores territory other pornographers deem too risky. If teacher/student games get you itching for the sound of the hickory stick, then sit up straight, young lady, and pay attention to *Miss Tara's Finishing School.*

grade . 💋💋💋💋💋

Laura Weide has talked with thousands of women about porn during her years working at Good Vibrations and while showing her lesbian porn clip show around the world. If your organization is interested in hosting a showing in your town, please contact her at lib_4all@hotmail.com.

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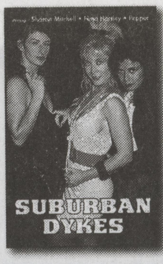

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When Robin called home to say she'd be working late again, Rachel decided to surprise her with a delicious home-cooked meal. Robin saw a light on

Hot + Horny in the Kitchen

photography by
Jody Wheat

in the kitchen and walked in to find Rachel wearing nothing but an apron and a seductive smile. After lots of kissing and licking, Rachel showed her

OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

lover what else she had on the stove: a pot overflowing with sizzling, newly boiled dildos! After they picked their favorites, they took turns fucking each

other, first against the counter, then on the floor. Robin lavished scoops of ice cream all over Rachel's body, then devoured her tasty dessert. **tt**

Beyond Child's Play

Queer youth and BDSM

by Jill Nagle . illustration by Steven Verriest

Let's go back in time just a bit. Join me in remembering how I dressed up Cheryl Freyes in my silky nightgown, dubbing her "the princess." "I'm gonna be the bad guy," I explained. "I'll pick you up and carry you off, and you scream 'Nooo!'" I lunged for her. She whimpered.

"Not like that," I said, "Scream louder!"

"Help! No! Help me!" she cried. Now we were getting somewhere. This was exciting. Especially since Cheryl was the older woman…uh, girl. I was in first grade, Cheryl second.

This kind of play among kids isn't uncommon. "Young people need catharsis," a peer counseling teacher of mine explains. "And they need to be in charge. The best gift an adult can give a child is total control."

So, while hanging out with three six-to eight-year-olds, I do just that. "You're our slave!" Hayley announces.

"Oh no," I say. "Help!"

It's too late–they've captured me, and Hayley, Annie, and Sara haul me over to a chair, pulling along an old, yellow, plastic "do not cross" barrier, and tie me up!

"Now stay there! Shut up! No talking back!" I meekly obey.

I feel their relief and delight in the rare opportunity to boss around a willing grownup. Though joyful, I am not sexually aroused. However if I were, I don't think it would interfere with what I took on as my adult role, to hold a space for them to thrash around, struggle, and achieve catharsis. Looking at this scene from a BDSM (bondage/discipline, dominance/submission, and sadism/masochism) perspective, however, raises all kinds of questions.

Many experts agree that our core sexual desires form early in life. Some of these children, as they mature, may want to incorporate play like this into their erotic lives. Unfortunately, the same kind of play that is widely accepted in childhood becomes suspect at puberty. Thus, this culture effectively creates an abyss called adolescence, in which power games no longer count as mere child's play, but neither are their young proponents deemed mature enough to know what they are doing. Simultaneously, they are denied the very information that would impart safe, sane, consensual ways of carrying out their desires.

To be young and queer is often alienating enough without a pressing desire to explore BDSM. Most sex education in this country, if it exists at all, doesn't cover homosexual sex, let alone kinky homosexual sex. I spoke with many young (and also formerly or recently young), mostly white people in various parts of the country about their BDSM desires and practices, and whether and how they manage(d) to get information, instruction, and support. My interviews made plain that beginners need assistance and support in safely exploring their desires rather than pressure to choose or reject particular identities. This is particularly true of youth of non-European descent, since the available communities and identities based on sexual orientation and practice stem directly from white or majority culture. Cleo Manago, founder and CEO of AMASSI Health, Wellness, and Cultural Affirmation Center in South Central Los Angeles notes, "Among African American SGL and bi youth are people who have sex parties, engaging in what they would call 'freaky sex,' but that's a more general term than BDSM. In this instance being 'freaky' refers to all kinds of practices outside of perceived sexual 'norms.'"

TNG, or The Next Generation groups are popping up in established SM organizations such as The Eulenspiegel Society in New York (TES), and Black Rose in Washington, DC. These groups cater more toward the 21-to-35-year-old set. Though most welcome people of any cultural or ethnic background, the leadership and overall culture of the groups generally reflect white norms.

Even such youth-oriented groups, however, generally set their lower age limit at 21, leaving young people under, or even a bit over, the age of consent (which in some states is as low as 12 or 13) facing unique challenges. The triple stigma of BDSM, homosexuality, and intergenerational eroticism makes potential adult mentors, even young ones, understandably vigilant of age boundaries. Even though many BDSM activities technically fall outside legal definitions of sex, adult-minor BDSM play partnerships pose possibly an even greater risk for arrest and social censure than sexual partnerships because of the history of police singling out and targeting even consensual adult BDSM players.

On the one hand, some young people interested in BDSM in a college or university context enjoy access to resources such as student activities funds and community assistance outside the campus without provoking censure. However, since only about two-thirds of high school graduates attend college right out of high school, this leaves a large percentage of BDSM-inclined and curious youth without an easily accessible initiation into power-play.

I found only one support group in the whole country, Queer Youth Exist (QYE), that is operated by and for high school students interested in BDSM. Started by a junior and a senior last year, the group evolved out of a Girl Scout Gold Award project, comparable to the Eagle Scout honor in the Boy Scouts.

QYE welcomes people of all sexual orientations. Katze, one of the cofounders, lives in Minneapolis with her parents, and makes

continued on page 42

Resources

Many of the most relevant resources for queer youth into BDSM come from queer youth themselves. Starting a discussion group focusing on safety and information, under the auspices of an existing school, youth organization, or LGBT youth program, may be a good place to start. Here are some resources that may help:

www.angelfire.com/mn2/queeryouthexist/
The Web site for Queer Youth Exist, the organization started by two high school students profiled in this article. Contact them at queeryouthexist@hotmail.com. The Web site also contains a message board where people of all ages can discuss issues of queer youth and BDSM.

www.nyacyouth.org
The National Youth Advocacy Coalition (NYAC), an umbrella group of youth organizations serving lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender youth. By the time this article is printed (or shortly thereafter), this Web site should have a searchable online database of LGBT youth organizations throughout the country.

www.lyric.org
A hotline for California residents 23 and under to speak to another young person; 800-246-PRIDE, Mon.-Sat. nights, 6-9 pm, Infoline at all other times. In the Bay Area, a youth SM support/discussion group is currently being formed. For info on this or any other LYRIC group, call Sierra at (415)-703-6150, ext. 22. LYRIC is located at 127 Collingwood St., SF, in the Castro; easily accessible by public transit. All calls are strictly confidential.

These Web sites are more for background information and related resources:

www.io.com/~wwwomen/sexuality/bdsm.html
A good introductory article about definitions of BDSM, though with a heterosexual slant.

www.dungeonnet.com
Claims to be "The most comprehensive directory of BDSM Web sites in the world."

www.ageofconsent.com
A "legal research site" humble in its claims, this Web site contains a chart of 113 countries and all 50 United States with three columns: one each for male-female, male-male, and female-female sex. It appears to be regularly updated, and includes a guide to the many gradations of accuracy it purports to represent.

www.barfing-dog.com/amidships/califia/tAoC1.html
An excellent background article by Pat Califia (who is now Patrick Califia-Rice) on the politics of intergenerational sex. Written 20 years ago, the controversies it covers are at least as relevant today, if with different key players.

www.mistressmorgana.com
The Web site of a professional dominant and Bay Area scholar who was into SM as a teenager. She has a limited number of openings for reduced rate sessions or exchanges with women and students.

www.scarleteen.com
A site especially for teens about sex. Contains good general information and peer as well as elder support, and includes a "Sexual Ethics and Politics" forum where an SM discussion thread could fit in quite nicely, but so far has not yet appeared.

Engendering Kate

Outlaw Kate Bornstein moves beyond two genders.

by Lindsay McClune

photography by Michele Serchuk

Transgendered writer and performer Kate Bornstein, author of Gender Outlaw *and* My Gender Workbook *has been questioning and researching gender all her life. Bornstein's work examines a world that insists there are two, and only two, genders, and that doesn't encourage us to develop the gender that feels right for us. Bornstein has written and spoken extensively about this imposed two-gender system, helping people question, "What is a real woman; what is a real man?" "I was born male and raised as a boy," says Bornstein. "I went through both boyhood, and adult manhood, went through a gender change, and 'became a woman.' A few years later, I stopped being a woman, and settled into being neither." This space of "no-gender" is perhaps one of Bornstein's most provocative ideas, and she recognizes the difficulty inherent in trying to identify where gender is and moving away from it.* **On Our Backs** *spoke to Bornstein about how the two-gender system is a part of the lesbian community, why she identifies as a dyke, and how SM brought her back to her body.*

On Our Backs: How has your sexual practice changed throughout your gender travels in terms of how it feels emotionally and physically for you?

Kate Bornstein: I had an outie and now I have an innie. Sex now, being touched now, is a lot less of the penis, and a lot more the connection. When I had a penis that was an outie, you didn't really have to question much about sex. It just felt pretty damned good any way you did it; it was pretty easy. It was right out there, all you had to do was rub it, and it wasn't too hard to do that. With my new equipment, which is neither-here-nor-there equipment, it looks "girl," but feels very, very different. It just feels so much different now that everything is inside. I am having to explore. So the actual act of sex is not as unthinking as it was. I am thinking a lot more, and there is a lot more humor in it. I am curious of what produces sensations now. Sex is almost a scholarly act.

OOB: Does your attraction to men and women differ, and if so, how?

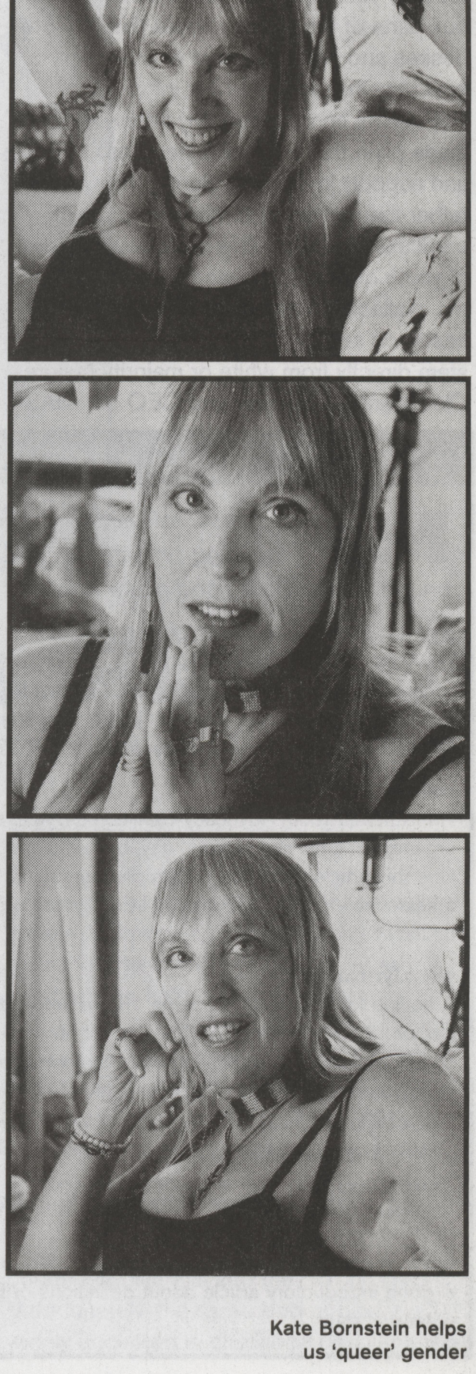
KB: It kinda does. With my attraction to women, there is almost always accompanying it the possibility that, Oh my god, what if that [sex] really happened? Whereas with guys I am much more comfortable with my attraction in fantasy. I have not really had that many encounters with guys, where the reality lived up to the fantasy.

OOB: I have heard you identify as an SM dyke. Why is it important for you to claim that identity?

KB: When I went through my gender transition from male to female, "lesbian" was both a sexual and a political identity. Over the years it has become much more of a political identity based on a definition of a "real woman." "Dyke" never seemed to need that. I first ran into [the term] "dyke" in San Francisco in the early eighties with the SM group the Outcasts. I like it because it embraces the idea of butch and femme. It's brave enough to proclaim its own queerness. "Dyke" is not trying to mainstream into the gender system, meaning the bipolar gender system.

OOB: What sorts of reactions have you had from the lesbian community?

KB: When I first went through the gender transition, again male to female, it was in Philadelphia in the late eighties. I came out into the lesbian community, and you know you've got to learn all this girl stuff fast. Not only did I have to learn girl stuff, but I had to learn lesbian stuff. And not only did I



Kate Bornstein helps us 'queer' gender

have to learn all that stuff, but I wasn't really allowed to do any of my guy stuff. Not that I particularly wanted to, but it would kind of poke out. And I was just "bumping into" people. And I think for that reason, there were a few lesbians and dykes in Philadelphia who are not all that pleased when my name is mentioned. I am sad about that, and I've been working on it.

I think any kind of what's-the-reaction-of-the-lesbian-community question can *only* be answered in the personal because, by golly, lesbian is only one of many identities someone has. When I find that I can't connect with a "lesbian" as a "transsexual," then we find another pair of identities that we can connect with.

OOB: You have said that we all face underlying rules and stereotypes about gender. In what ways does the lesbian community still encourage these gender rules and stereotypes?
KB: When I am talking about the lesbian community, by that I don't mean all dykes. But in its very backing of the system that depends for its livelihood on the existence of two and two only genders, through supporting that system, [the lesbian community] backs the bipolar gender system. Very, very little queering of gender goes on in the lesbian community.

OOB: How do you see femme and butch as "queering gender?"
KB: The way femme and butch are done the way I know of, is much less a this-is-what-I-have-to-do-in-order-to-get-on-in-the-world, and much more of a choice. It queers the lesbian identity by taking what's sacred and re-owns it for itself; it takes what's sacred in the culture. Whereas the lesbian agenda, by and large the assimilationist lesbian agenda, would be don't ask, don't tell, butch and femme proclaim. They don't have to wait to be asked. It's in that proclamation that I think comes the queering.

OOB: Could you describe your femme identity?
KB: I came into this femme identity of mine through Leslie Feinberg's *Stone Butch Blues*. It was the first time that I read a description of femme that was anything but weak. Seeing femme through the butch's eyes like that was such a treat, it was breathtaking. I think if I had real role models within the lesbian community, it would be the femmes in Seattle. There was a bunch of good, good, good femmes of all ages up there, and each one had her own specialty. We would trade femme secrets, like how to do it. Because, again, it is a studied thing, and after a while you get to realize that, well, of course you are never going to be femme enough. That's only for fairly few folks. It's the same with butch; there is always going to be someone bigger and badder or whatever. And at that point I was just able to start smiling and enjoying it.

Butch and femme is like a dance. When an old-school butch starts flirting with me, it's a recognizable dance; it's in my blood. And I just follow myself there, I follow her and she's just…that's…oh man, it's the hardest thing to put into words, because it is a dance. It's a dance of identities, and a very, very structured dance. Like any great dances, you have to learn the steps.

what i've
found in
SM is
the rawest
expression
of **power**.

OOB: So are the butches the ones that drive you wild?
KB: Old-school butches. Every single time, they make my knees totally, totally, like, floppy. It's that dance thing again. It's like, "Ah, someone who knows the steps." And it's very, very, very body-level for me when a butch flirts with me, even when I just see an old-school butch.

OOB: In an interview, I heard you say that we tend to describe our sexual orientation based on the gender of sexual partners, rather than their age or sexual activity. I have often felt that I have more in common with a very sexualized gay man than an antipenetration vanilla lesbian. As an SM dyke, have you found the SM world to be a place that is freer for you to develop your sexual expression?
KB: I got into SM, and I've been into SM for a while, in the late eighties and early nineties. But I got into it particularly heavily when I broke up a pretty hard relationship. It was a wonderful relationship, and I am still in touch with the person, but when we broke up it was really hard. I was not feeling good about myself; I wasn't feeling good about life. The last thing I wanted someone to do was to look at my body. I wasn't feeling very good about my body. But I was feeling weirdly sexy, weirdly horny, and didn't know where this was coming from. I was getting involved with some women who were into SM in Seattle. I got more and more heavily involved with them, and found a way to express sexiness again, that energy, the power of sex, in a way that wasn't necessarily [found] in fucking. Certainly not all the time. It was certainly erotic. And having learned that, I was able to work my way back into body-level sex, and tantric-level sex, and other ways of doing sex. And I still like the occasional piercing stuff. I like blood.

OOB: Do you ever find that the power dynamics and role-play found in SM is a way of playing with gender?
KB: Well, yeah. Gender itself is an expression of power, and so the interaction of any kind of power would shed some light on gender. What I've found in SM is the rawest expression of power: I am, you're not. I do, you receive. It is a constructed binary that is honored by both of the participants. When you give yourself consciously to that sort of thing, it's like any other discipline, you achieve an ecstatic place from that.

OOB: You have been such a strong role-model for so many women. Did you have any important role-models?

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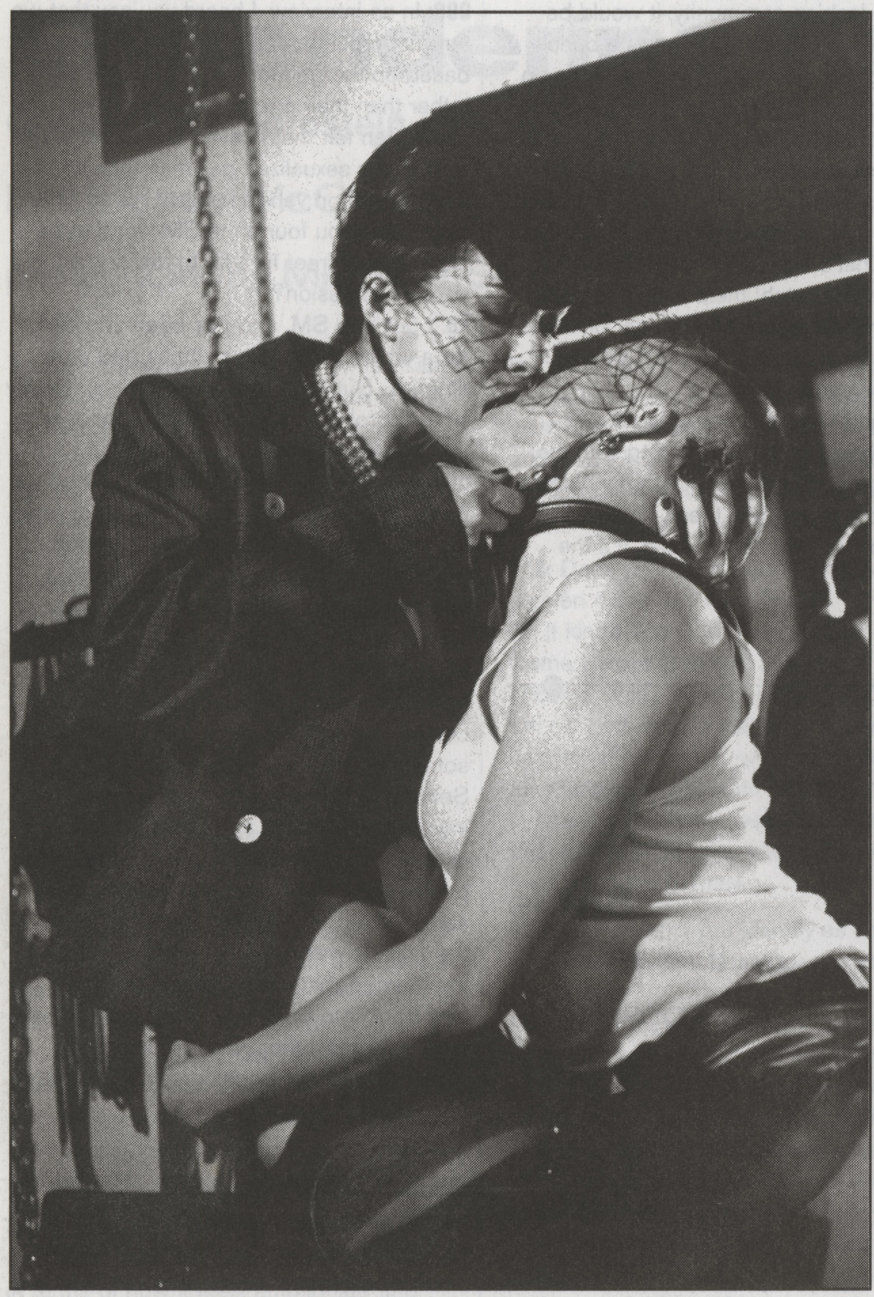
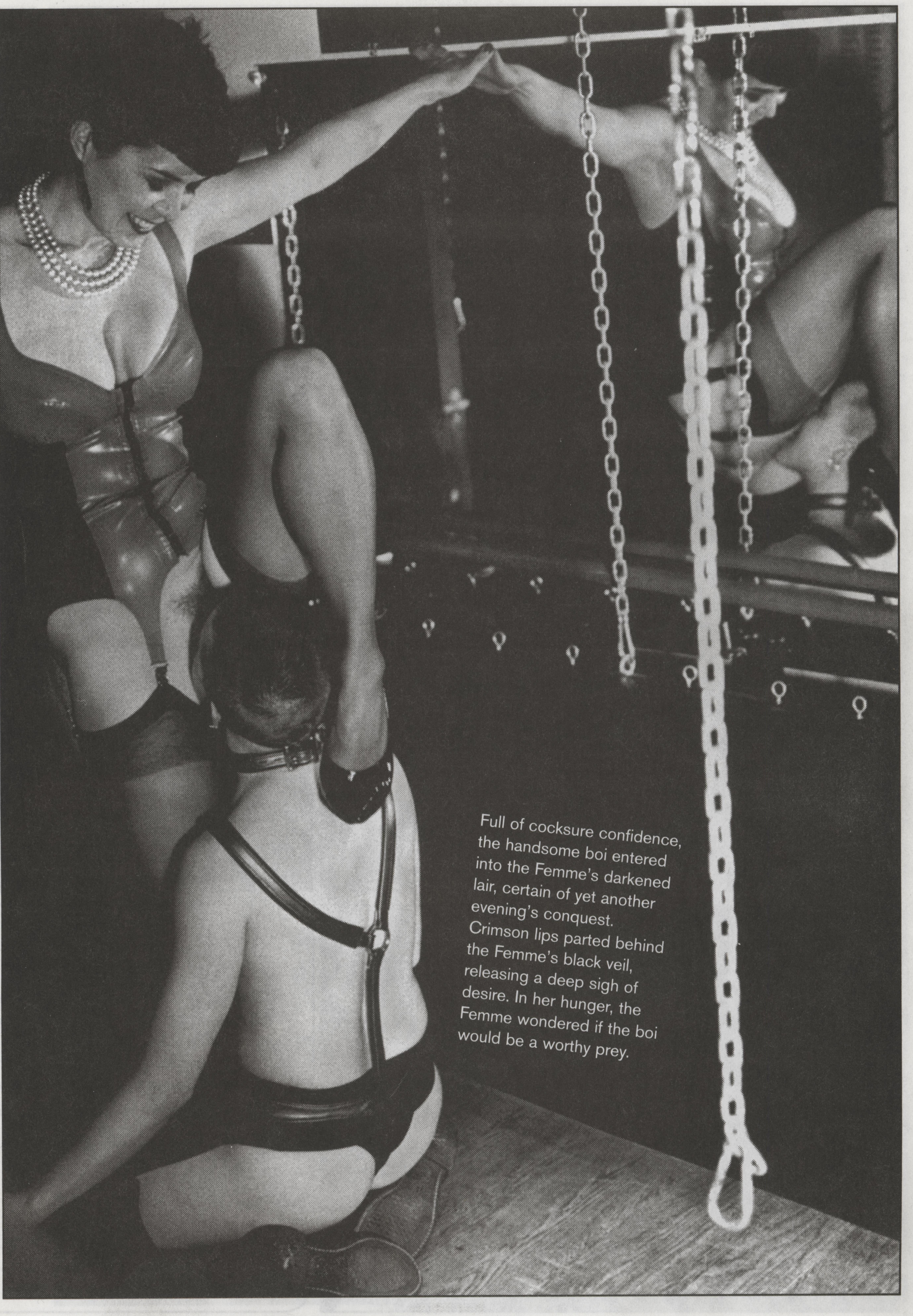


Pearls of Pussy

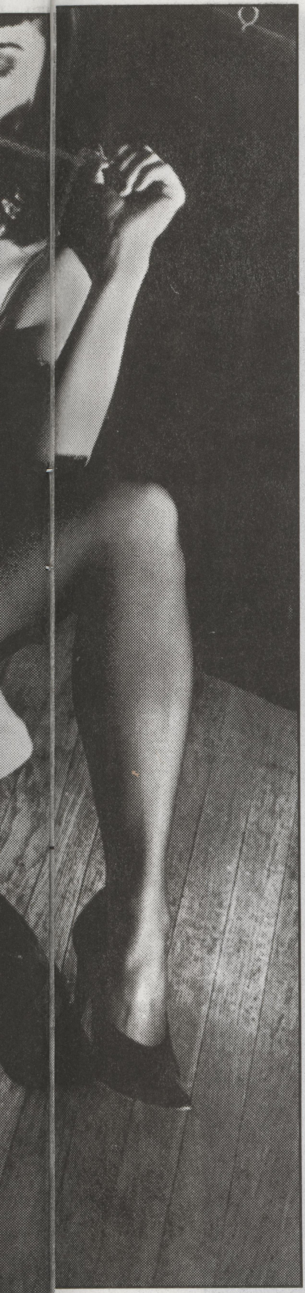
FetishDiva Midori + Huck

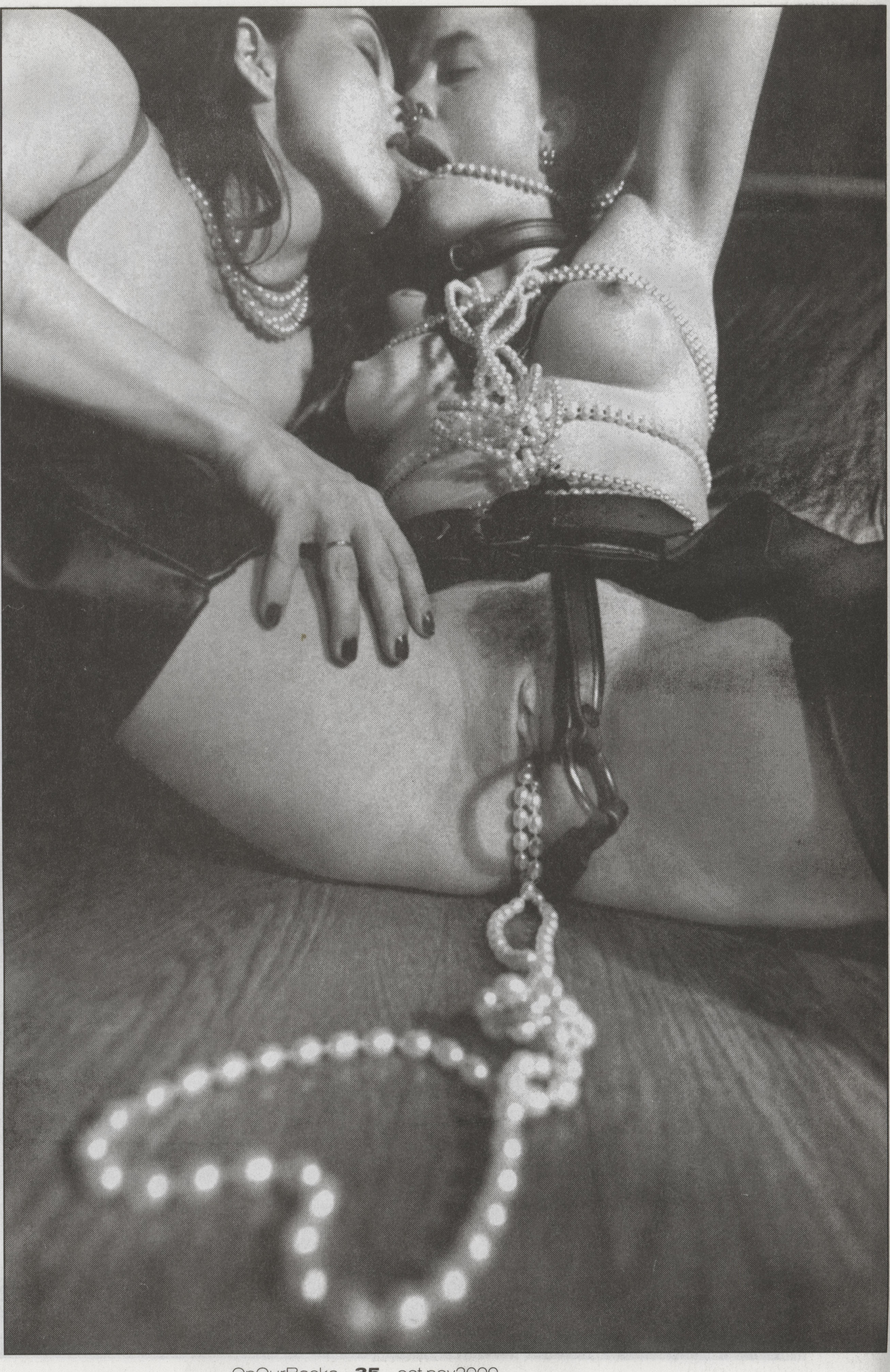
photography by
Phyllis Christopher

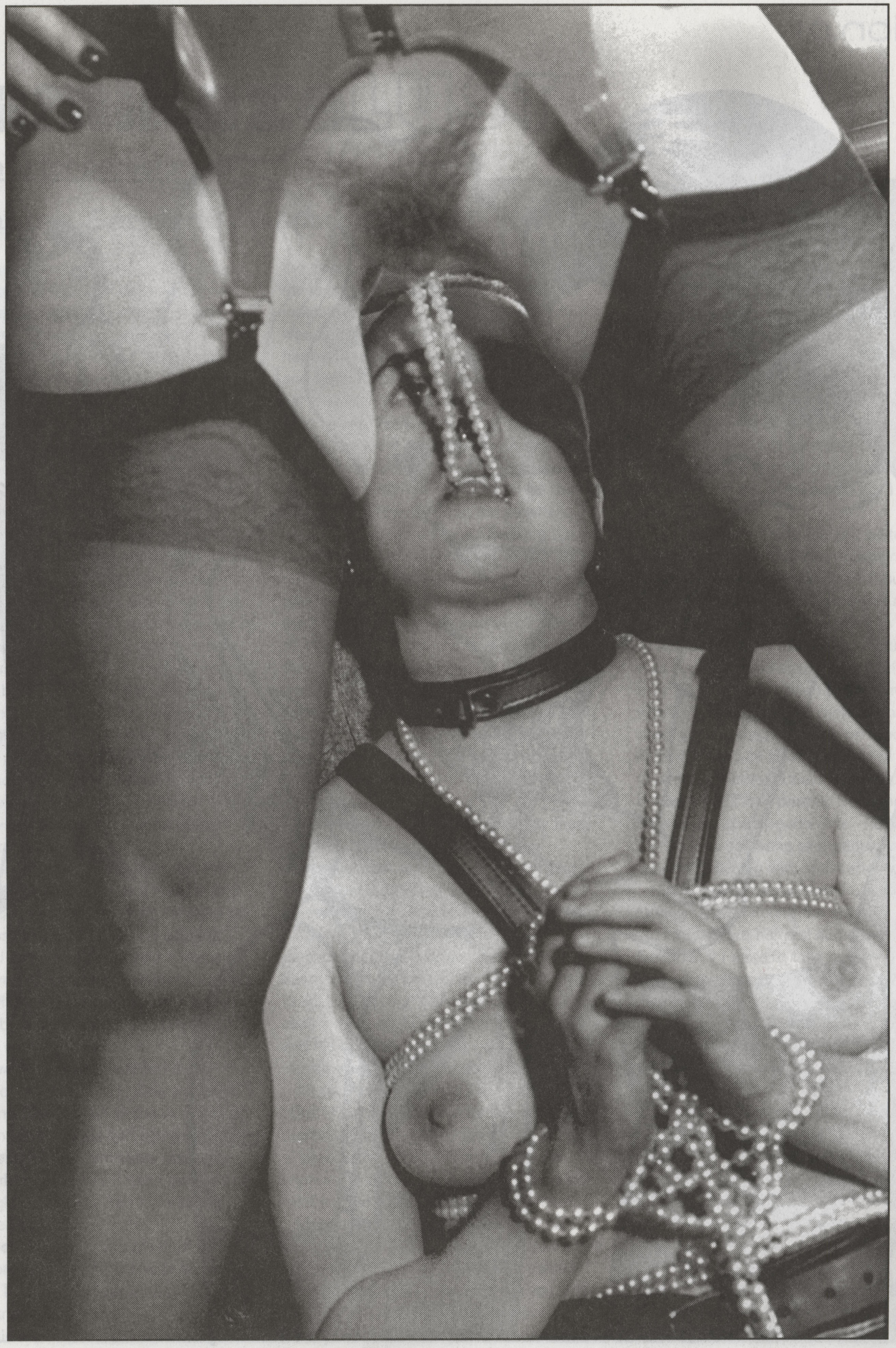


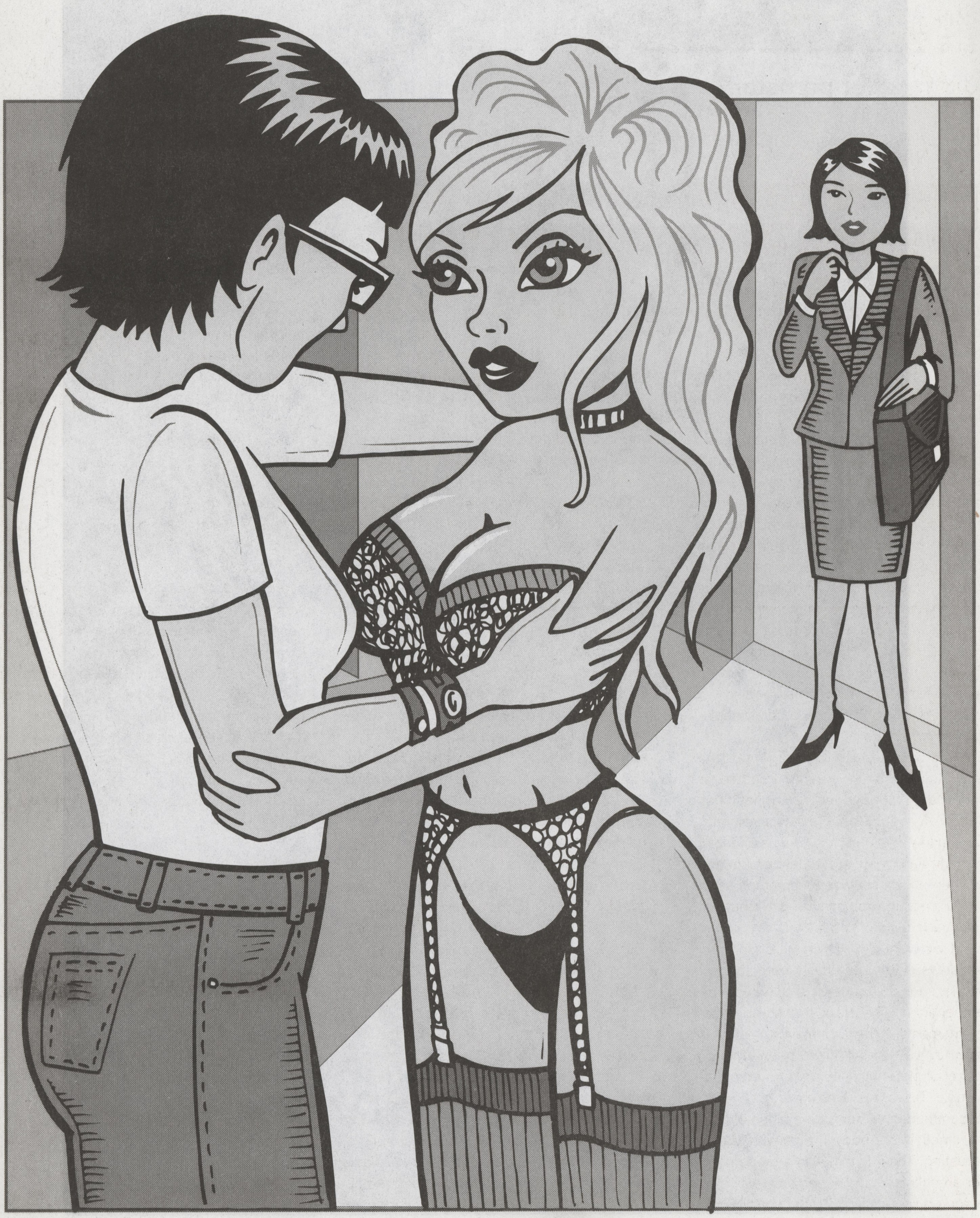
Full of cocksure confidence, the handsome boi entered into the Femme's darkened lair, certain of yet another evening's conquest. Crimson lips parted behind the Femme's black veil, releasing a deep sigh of desire. In her hunger, the Femme wondered if the boi would be a worthy prey.

Their wet lips consumed each other, eager tongues probed, and ravenous teeth sank into yielding flesh. Snared in a web of pearls, the boi surrendered to the lust, allowing the Femme to devour him whole, filling and satisfying her boundless craving. **fdm**









kamikazeLUST

Girl falls for pornstar.

by Lauren Sanders ▪ illustration by Caia Koopman

My eyes trailed Alexis as she walked toward Tessa, all dolled-up in her red teddy and G-string combo. Alexis leaned her elbows on the star's shoulders. Their eyes locked, Alexis talking and occasionally slipping a couple of fingers through Tessa's strawberry blond hair. The doe-eyed porn star looked almost innocent, an admirable feat given her attire. Again, I felt the encumbrance of my own clothing. Next time I would wear jeans and a T-shirt like everyone else.

Tessa's bare arms locked around Alexis's crisp, white V-neck. Alexis towered over her, stroking her hair. They could have been mother and daughter. Who else would hug her half-naked child that closely? I thought of my own mother, and how I couldn't remember her once putting her arms around me. All my life I'd been waiting for the repressed memory that would prove me wrong.

I felt slightly put off. A little bit of sibling rivalry. Or perhaps the roots went deeper. For they could have been mistaken as lovers, Alexis and Tessa, their bodies entwined in what seemed a comfortable power imbalance.

Alexis gave Tessa's butt a light tap, the way football players do after a huddle, and then clapped her hands: "Okay, let's get on with it." Tessa flashed her a final adoring look, and I wondered if she was a lesbian. I remembered reading that lesbianism among women off the set was as common as men with plumbing problems on it. Somehow, this made sense.

Yet we were all soon shrouded in the shadows of heterosexuality. Only the white of Mark and Tessa's skin shone in cones of amber light. Even Alexis had stepped back as the scene fell into formation. Mark, his limbs sparkling as if they'd been dipped in a barrel of glitter makeup, had no erection trouble. Tessa, too, was more accommodating, her face a blush of lust and satisfaction, her body in tune with Mark's thrusting. Their rhythm was a modern ballet for an unknown audience.

You could smell it, too; the soured lotion, the sweat, the onions, the sex. It came to me in a craving so ignited, so aching, so incomprehensible, I felt myself blush. And I was pulled toward Tessa, this woman with her body arched and head thrusting back and forth. A clump of hair snagged across her mouth, and Mark, without taming their beat, moved his fingers to her face and gently pushed it away. His touch was so private, so spontaneous, and the way they eyed each other–as if love might be the by-product of sex and not the other way around–made me envious. Seeking solace, I looked around the audience as if checking out the faces of fellow movie-goers, trying to gauge...what? If anyone else was moved by this? If anyone was aroused by it? Ashamed of it? Part of me wanted to giggle childishly: these people are fucking! Yet another part wanted to jump into the scene, to lick Tessa's nipples, to suck Mark's penis, and sandwich myself between them, the three of us thrashing and burning until we all collapsed in a nest of exhausted arms and legs.

Mark, sweat dripping from his rosy face, shouted, "I'm going to come." Tessa screamed back at the top of her lungs. No words, just a series of loud grunts that had me leaning forward with my eyes shut, slipping into the heat, the motion, a desire so palpable it dripped down my limbs. I could barely catch my breath. Mark screamed, "Oh baby, I'm coming!" I slipped backwards, my eyes shot open. Mark fell on top of Tessa and his breathing slowed…and her breathing slowed...and my breathing slowed.

Alexis, face glimmering proudly, screamed, "Cut!" I leaned against a folding chair, still captivated by the naked bodies on set. So at ease in the aftermath, they gave the impression of being a long-married couple. Next to them I felt almost prepubescent.

Mark jumped up and shook out his hair. "That was so hot," he said, giving Tessa's forehead a light kiss. "Did you want to come?"

"In front of all these people? Are you kidding me?" Tessa stood up and purred a round of thank-yous to the crew parting beside her with coos and compliments as she retired to her dressing room. A job well done.

And she didn't come. And nobody found this strange or incomplete. Nobody questioned her womanhood, suggested analysis, or stomped with iron feet back and forth, trying to resolve those issues that would set her orgasm free. She walked off the set even more of a diva for not coming.

The next time anyone complained about me not coming, I would say I was a porn star.

The idea stayed with me as I waited for Alexis amid the end-of-day collapsing of the set. Before today I would have thought my breasts too small, but they weren't any smaller than Tessa's. Maybe I wasn't as skinny as Tessa, but I wasn't exactly fat. Actually, I was in pretty good shape for a woman just over 30 who hadn't been to the gym in a few weeks. I would work out more. I would also need a few glasses of wine, or–who am I kidding?–I would need a couple of Quaaludes before I could take my clothes off in front of all those people. No wonder most porn stars used pseudonyms. Perhaps, then, it was someone else people were ogling at, panting with, masturbating over.

Alexis herself had adopted a whole new identity upon entering the industry; few people were aware her real name was Patricia DeFabio. If I were to take a name, I would keep something of myself in it: maybe Rachel Sliver or Rachel Slipper. No, I liked the word *silver*, its prurient shine, the way it bit back when you had it in between your teeth. And it was all mine, the name I'd chosen myself on my 18th birthday. Silver...like the chrome of the klieg lights, the glint from Hi-8 lenses, the beams, the rays, those silver rays...oh, yes, Silver Ray...sweet sobriquet. *One in the Hand, Two in the Bush* starring Mark Vladimir, Tessa Touche, and Silver Ray–Yes, I could be a porn star if I wanted to.

Excerpted from Kamikaze Lust *by Lauren Sanders (Akashic Books, 2000), www.akashicbooks.com*

Chaka Masturbation

Fantasy #29

Thick and erect with blood and lust.

by T.J. Bryan, a.k.a. Tenacious . illustration by Rosemary Van Deuren

There's one place where I can always find her. Where the blues in her voice rides me. Strokes me rough and raspy like a winter wind before the storm. There's a song she belts out: "...Ain't nobody...loves me betta...makes me happy...makes me feel this way..." And I know she's talkin' 'bout me.

Yeah, this is where she lives. So I come, a pilgrim seeking. Waiting patiently for those high notes to rip right through the heart'a me again. Giving me goose cocoa bumps on my goose bumps. Making every hair on the back of my neck jump up and stand at attention.

Those high notes of hers turn the insides of my thighs to Jell-O. And I can feel her mellow tones wrap 'round my hips and surge up into me. I'm alive in this place. Alive as I can only be with the sound of her screams and moans.

The soulful current of her voice brings about a change in me. I am myself and much, much more.

Nerve and blood...meet muscle and sinew... woman/boy...create...cocoa brown cock.

It starts off soft but soon hardens, thick and erect with blood and lust. It throbs, responding to her highs and lows. My balls shrivel up close and tight underneath me in anticipation of her touch.

And then she appears. My diva queen appears before me on her knees. She wants it. I can tell by the way her big, dark eyes roam hungrily over my nakedness. And by the way her voice drops low, real low as she calls out to me moaning, "Baby."

I tangle my fingers in her thick, red, weave-on hair and pull her up 'til her face is level with my erection. At my command she takes me in her lipstick-reddened mouth. To steady herself, she grips the cheeks of my ass with both hands and spreads her knees apart. I watch all this through eyes half-closed. My cock presses against her forehead as she sucks, bathing one of my nuts then the other in her spit. And it's all I can do to keep standing when she uses the tip of her tongue to play with the soft, kinky hairs she finds there.

She's extremely skilled and obedient, too. I knew she would be. But that ain't enuff. I'm not satisfied 'til my meat is thrusting against her lips. They open, yielding to me and soon I'm fucking her. Stroking with ever-increasing force in and out of her mouth. There are no high, clear notes now. Only gurgles and sighs as she struggles with the mouthful I have given her.

"and she takes it all. takes every musky, mucousy, sweet drop of my jiz in her mouth."

At first I try to go easy on her. I mean, deep-throating my whole 10 inches would be a lot for any woman, right? But this one is too much for even me to handle. The sight of her down there, between my legs, cheeks hollowed out with the pressure of suction, luscious lips rolling back and forth, back and forth 'round every delicious inch of my rod unmakes me. Sends me over tha top, so's I end up grabbing her by the sides of her head and pumpin' like crazy.

My knees are buckling, so I brace my back against the wall and allow a violent jumble of emotion, vision, and touch to possess me. In that desperate moment I promise her my life, the world, the sun, and the moon. I gift myself with another look at her, taking all of me, sweaty and rock-hard, down her throat. Her mouth sliding furiously in a slick of spit up and down my cock 'til I don't wanna hold it no more. 'Til I gotta let it go!

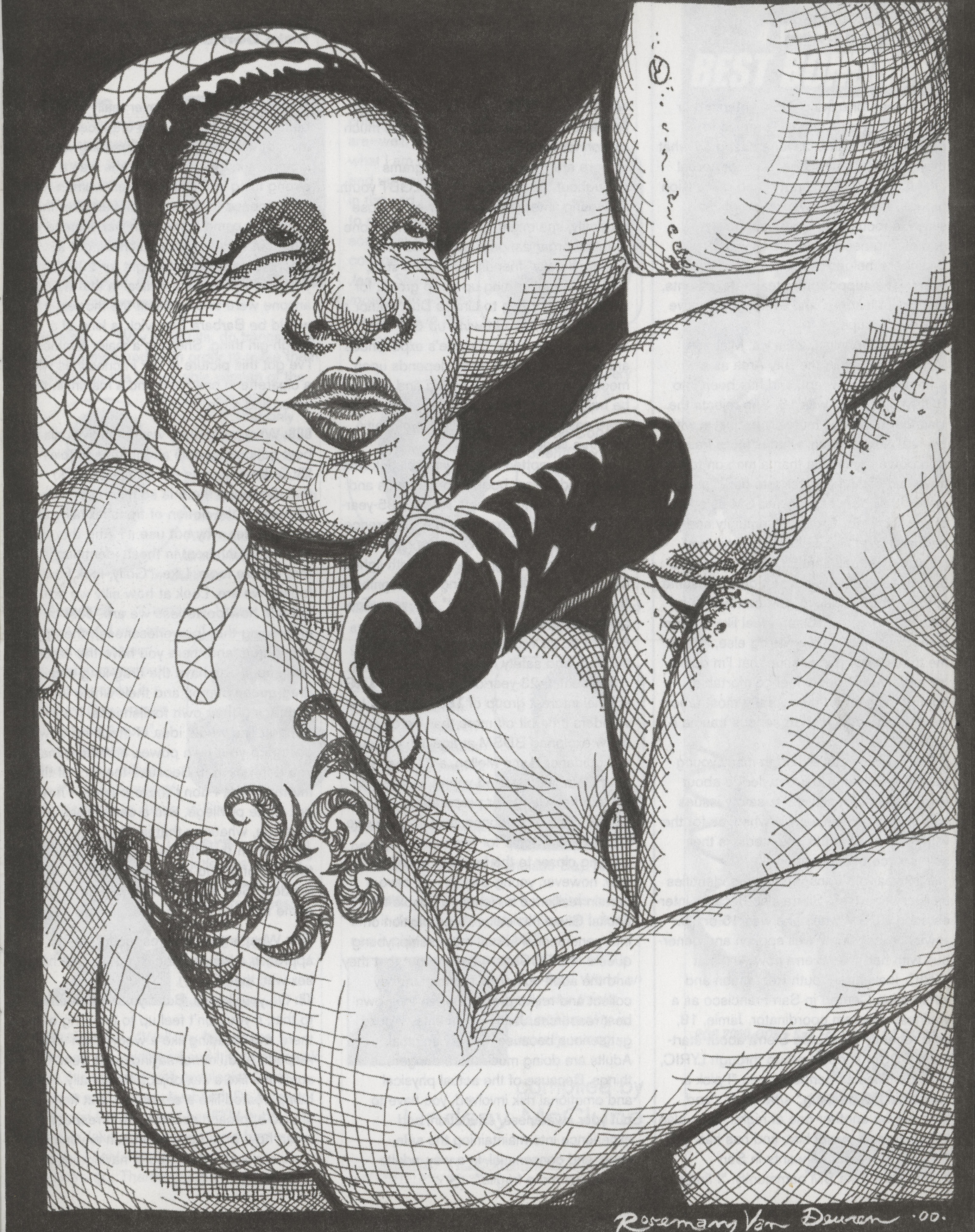
I try to pull away, so she doesn't have to...you know...swallow. Some say it just ain't safe these days. And 'sides, a lot of the women I know can't deal with the bitter-salt taste of my cum, anyways. Not her, though. She's all over me like a second skin. But it don't matter. Even if she wanted to pull back, it would be too late.

It hits. My body is jacking and bucking. From deep inside it comes rushin' over me with a slow, rhythmic force like nuthin' else I know. And it's all concentrated at that point where her demanding lips meet my engorged tool.

And she takes it all. Takes every musky, mucousy, sweet drop of my jiz in her mouth. Tasting what her mouth can hold. Letting the excess drip past her lips and down her chin, coming to rest finally at the tip of one erect nipple.

Satiated, panting, I reach down to pull her up into my arms. She moves fluidly from knees to feet. Morphin' into mist, then evaporating into nothingness...

Ain't nobody...nobody...
I want more of her. Need more of her.
Loves me betta...
Her sweetness stroking the insides
of my ears...
Makes me happy...
This is how I show her my devotion.
This is where I...feel this way.



Rosemary Van Deuren ·00·

continued from page 29

youth and bdsm

fetish wear for a living. Now entering her senior year, Katze states, "I refuse to discriminate against anyone based on what they can't help, be it age, race, or sexual orientation." QYE's support and discussion groups, which meet weekly, emphasize safety, a focus that, in addition to addressing needs specific to young beginners, helped prime the group for unanimous support from teachers, parents, Girl Scout leaders, and even conservative religious groups.

Annalise Ophelian, 27, a.k.a. Mistress Morgana, works in the Bay Area as a professional dominant, and has been into BDSM since she was 16. She rejects the idea that BDSM is mutually exclusive with "vanilla" sex. "I mean, what is more fraught with power dynamics than a man on top of a woman driving his dick into her?" she says. "I talk about being into SM as a kind of shorthand for finding community and play partners, but I see it all on a continuum."

Katze also feels that BDSM play relates directly to roles one doesn't get to assume in the rest of one's life, and can be therapeutic. She notes, "Often I feel like more of a sex counselor than anything else, and to me that's a good indication that I'm doing my job, that my peers feel comfortable enough with me to discuss the most taboo issues that could lead to serious trauma if explored unsafely."

She explains that although many young people have extensive knowledge about many aspects of sex, basic safety issues can go ignored, especially when, as for the vast majority of youth, the media is their sole source of information.

A 22-year-old transperson who identifies as "gender-queer," Sierra also became interested in BDSM when she was 15 or 16. Jewish, exceedingly well spoken and generous with her time, Sierra now works at LYRIC, (Lavender Youth Recreation and Information Center) in San Francisco as a wellness program coordinator. Jamie, 18, who recently contacted Sierra about starting a BDSM support group through LYRIC, also identifies as gender-queer. "I pick a gender in the morning," s/he adds, "and then maybe another one at night." S/he also identifies as a masochist, and has had trouble finding what s/he wants in San Francisco's dyke SM community. "I find it very hard to be 18 when everything's age limit is 21. There doesn't seem to be much reason for it."

There are more than 200 programs throughout the country serving LGBT youth. If a young, interested reader lives in close proximity, she might do well to contact one of these organizations, ask for the most SM- or "freaky"-friendly person on staff, and see about setting up a rap group, for starters. According to Linnea Due, author of *Joining the Tribe: Growing up Gay and Lesbian in the '90s*, "People's experiences are very particular–it really depends upon meeting others who are willing and able to be helpful, and that sometimes can be more easily done in a smaller community than in a larger one."

Jamie has gotten a lot of valuable information already "from books, conferences and my family's friend Emmett, who's a 35-year-old gay man." For example, at a conference she learned the value of "warming up"–that is, beginning a flogging session with lighter hits and gradually increasing the magnitude. "Now I can take a lot more!" she says. Too often, however, queer youth exploring BDSM do so with too little information, support, and safety measures.

Boymeat, a 23-year-old organizer of TNG special interest group of TES, concurs. He wonders if he bit off more than he could chew exploring BDSM at age 13, without any guidance. Lynn Mellon, a 21-year-old from Ohio, also started young, at age 15, without knowledge or preparation, and wound up in a nonconsensual, i.e., abusive, BDSM relationship for two years.

Being closer to the freedom of child's play, however, young people may have a certain resilience no longer available to adults. Given this culture's prohibition on intergenerational sexual mentorship, young queers into BDSM are figuring out that they, and the adult-authored information they collect and reinterpret, are often their own best resources. Jamie comments, "Adults get serious because it's very spiritual. Adults are doing much more dangerous things. Because of the actual physical and emotional risk involved, you have to put your awareness, education, and experience into maintaining the safe, sane, and consensual. In a way, adults are almost more fragile."

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continued from page 31

kate bornstein

KB: My mother. I have never really said that before. I have written a lot of pieces about my mother. She's quite an amazing woman, imperfect in every way. But she was a strong thing in the fifties when women were all supposed to be in the kitchen after the husbands came home from war. Instead my mom put herself through school, got a teaching degree, and taught for 20, 30 years. She was quite radical in that way. If anyone were to play her in the movies, it would be Barbara Stanwick, a kind of a tough-girl thing. She was a major femme. I've got this picture of her in crinolines with a cigarette in one hand and a martini in the other, and a big smile.

OOB: What is the best way for individuals to best educate people about transphobia?

KB: To be human is the best way to do that. Because there is so much comedy inherent in the notion of transsexuality and transgender, why not use it? And the comedy that is inherent in these identities is that we are fools. Like, "Golly, look how foolish we are. Look at how silly we are. Look at how powerless we are." Just by embracing that [powerlessness], the opposite is true, and there you have the nature of camp. If you have the drag-king and drag-queen humor, and their whole idea of embracing their own foolishness, it's kind of cool. The whole idea of stepping down, giving up your own power, admitting that you don't have it. Because the fact of the matter is that I don't [have power]. I have got white privilege, and a certain blond privilege, whatever that is. But, boy oh golly, when they find out I am a tranny, all the rest of it kind of goes out the window. So I might as well just have some fun with it.

OOB: What is the most respectful way to approach a transperson if you want to have sex with them?

KB: On your knees. But if you don't feel up to that, if you don't feel up to crawling over there and pleading like a worm, then with respect. And I'm not saying don't treat someone like a sex object. Personally, I love being treated like a sex object. But first you should approach someone with respect. I mean how would you approach anyone you were seriously interested in having some good sex with?

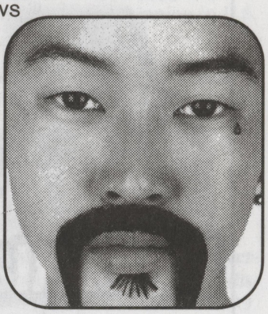
cheers . "Everybody gets lonely and wants somebody to do whatever, but I'm to the point in my life now where I don't even think about men." *Singer Mary J. Blige in* Lavender *magazine*

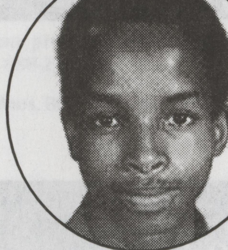
jeers . "Why as adults, do transsexuals mutilate their bodies in order to make them conform to the fashionable version of the opposite sex and gender? That only reinforces oppressive stereotypes every bit as much as liposuction or a bimbo's boob job." Advocate *columnist Norah Vincent in* Outlines

cheers . "Come out. I know you are afraid, but if you are an African lesbian you must come out. We must make it known: Gay women do exist in Africa!" *Tsitsi Tiripano, African gay activist, on the importance of gay activism in Africa, in* Siren

jeers . "I'd take a little less fullness in the hips, and a little more fullness in my lips." Actress *Cybill Shepherd in an* Ultima II *ad in* Bust Magazine

cheers . "Well, my hot femme German girly girlfriend and I just had breakfast this morning with sexologist Carol Queen and her gay husband, Dr. Robert; Mistress Ilsa Strix and her FTM hubby, Master Jake; AIDS activist and former Playboy centerfold Rebecca Armstrong…Therefore I guess gender is not so specific in my lifestyle. In an ever-changing world of gender, my future plans are—well, who knows what I am going to end up being. But in the end I want to morph into something I am comfortable with." *Jenny Shimizu, model and actress, on gender, in the* Advocate





jeers . "I can't very well say it was a hate crime." *Marion County Sheriff Ron Watkins to CNN in* Outlines *about the murder of gay 26-year-old African American Arthur "J.R." Warren*

cheers . "I just want my tombstone to say, 'She left all women satisfied.' Not one girl has complained yet. That'll be my legacy. She fucked more girls than Warren Beatty. The Warren Beatty of the lesbian entertainment world. That'll be my legacy." *Comic/singer/actress Lea DeLaria on the Planet Out Web site to the* San Francisco Bay Times

jeers . "I don't know if it weirds me out or if it doesn't seem natural, 'cause I don't see it play out in natural life." *Julie from MTV's* The Real World *on why she thinks homosexuality is morally wrong*

compiled by
Lindsay McClune

MARY J. BLIGE:LAVENDER MAGAZINE / NORAH VINCENT:ADVOCATE / TSITSI TIRIPANO:SIREN / CYBILL SHEPHERD:ULTIMA II / J.R. WARREN:OUTLINES / LEA DELARIA:GIRLFRIENDS MAGAZINE / JULE:MTV WEB SITE / JENNY SHIMIZU:ADVOCATE

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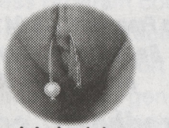

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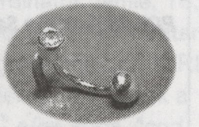

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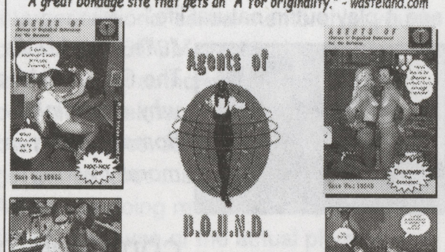

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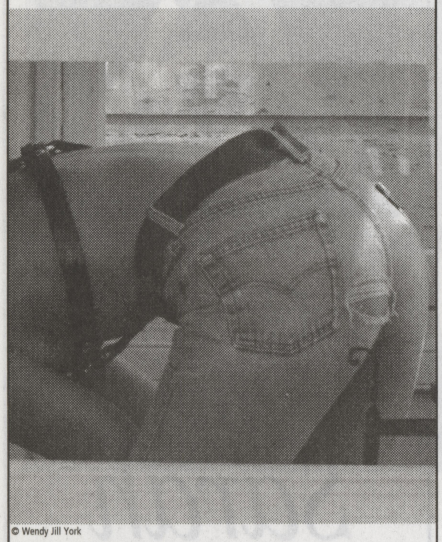

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Where is your favorite place to Masturbate?

compiled by Heidi Lypps

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Water Sports

When I was 12, I found an article in a women's magazine called, "Ten Ways to Pleasure Yourself." Number one was lying flat on your back in the bathtub and letting the water rush over your clit. I rushed to take a long, hot bath, scooted under the faucet, and let the water pound my tiny clit. My hips pumped up into the waterfall and with a shudder I came for what seemed to be forever. Ever since then I have always had mini orgasms around running water. *Niagara Falls*

Professional Poonani

My favorite place to masturbate is at work after hours while I am at my desk. I wear professional attire, usually a skirt, so it is easy to sit at my cubicle playing underneath my desk. This spring we hired this gorgeous temp named Cheyanne who wears tight outfits that drive me crazy. When I masturbate I think of her and imagine what I could be doing with her hot young body. *Sharon*

Cyber Sex

For the last two years, my favorite masturbatory place has been at the computer, typing with one hand, masturbating with the other, while doing a cyber scene online with my submissive. I have become quite adept at one-handed typing. *Falcon*

Library Libido

My favorite place to masturbate is in public bathrooms, particularly in libraries. Something about all the seriousness and sterility of libraries makes me really, really horny. *Caitlin*

Outdoor Orgasms

I love to masturbate outdoors. It is simultaneously intimate and open and makes me feel completely connected to the landscape around me. Once while camping on a remote Caribbean atoll with my lover, I jilled off in a hammock slung between two palm trees. I loved the way the breeze felt all over my body and how the sun warmed my cunt. Since then, I must confess, sex in secluded outdoor locations has been an eagerly anticipated pleasure. I am looking for just the right waterfall to spread my legs under next! *Julie*

Nocturnal Nookie

I like to masturbate in hot tubs at night. The warm water feels just like a tongue. I sit back, close my eyes, and enjoy myself. I really enjoyed the last lunar eclipse we had in Florida from my hot tub. *Susan*

Foreign Fucks

I love to jerk off in mirror-lined hotel bathrooms in Europe or Africa, immediately after consuming large amounts of complimentary room service. That, or in the office bathroom during an editorial deadline! *Athena Douris, sex columnist*

Bed Fellow

My favorite place to masturbate is in my bed. I know it is traditional of me, but it is just so comfy and well-appointed for the activity. Not that there isn't a lot to be said for setting the cruise control and going at it on long lonely road trips. Keeps me and any nearby truckers awake. Let's hear it for highway safety. *Amelia G*

Flying Solo

My favorite place to jill off would be under a blanket on an airplane. The middle seat is best because there are two people there to get the sweet fragrance of my cunt juice when I cum. I also enjoy this because my movement must be very restricted so as not to be detected by the other passengers. It's the controlled self-control that gets my pussy crazy for a self-delivered hand job. *Billy*

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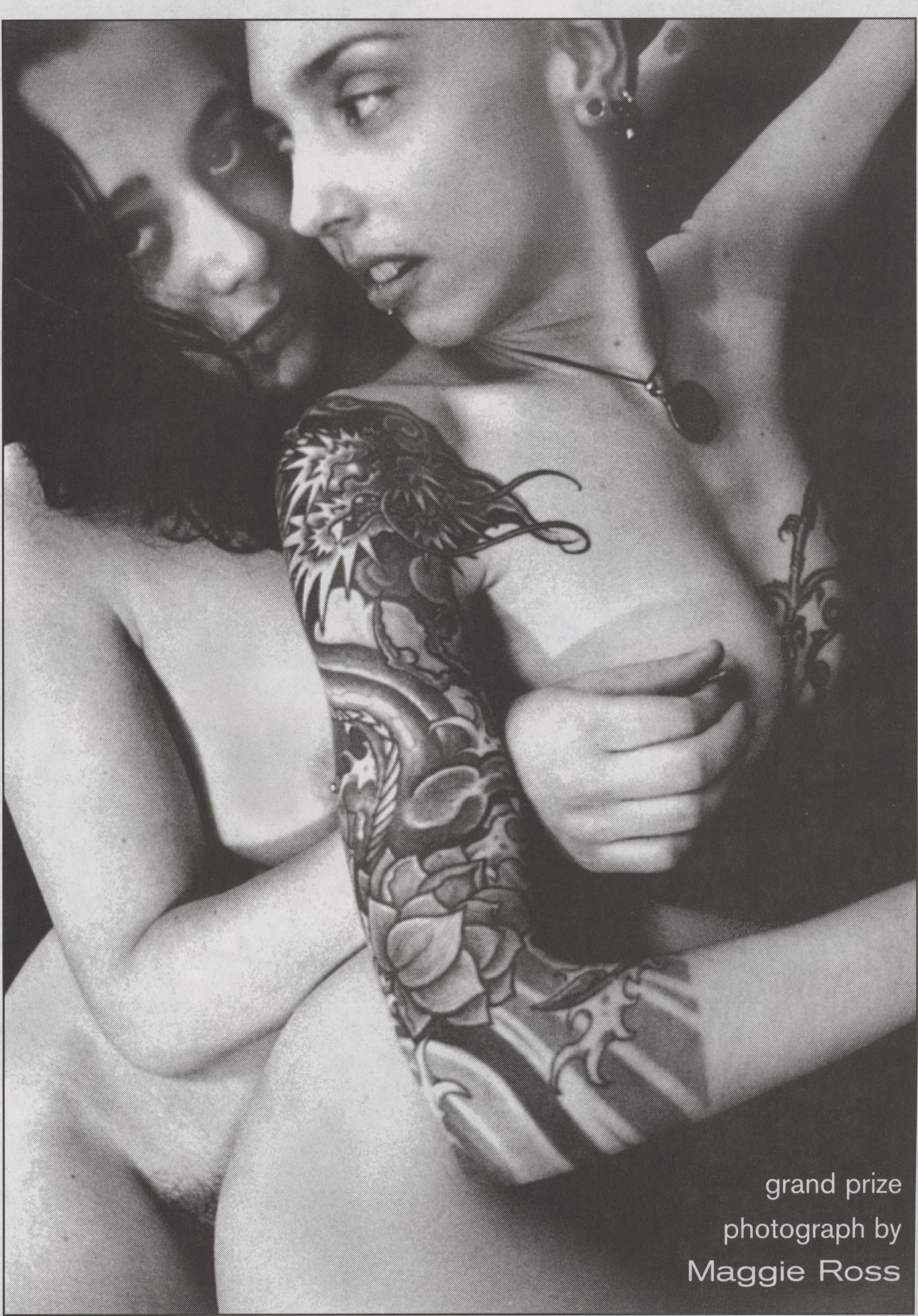

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